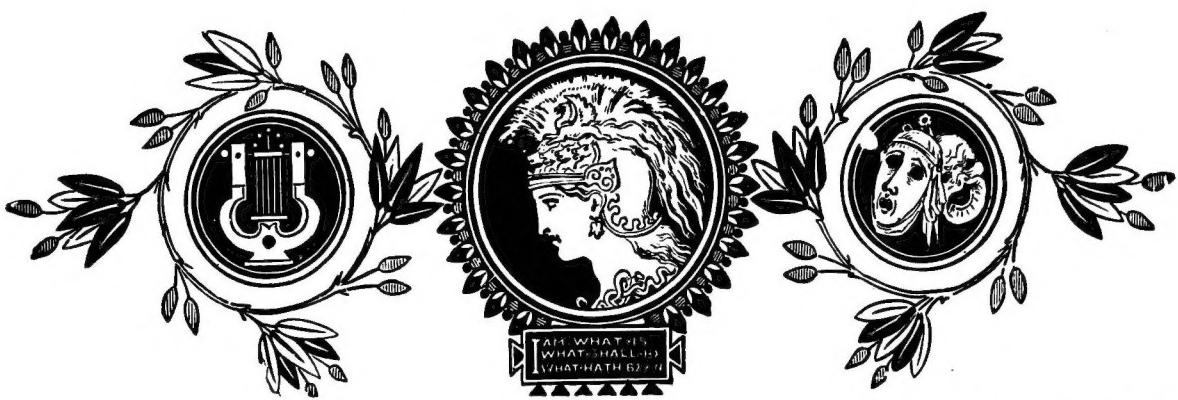


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No. 1,579

MARCH 3, 1900

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"The Battle of Spion Kop"

[PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



The patriotic concert, given last week at Covent Garden, in aid of Lady Lansdowne's War Fund, was a magnificent success. The opera house was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the object of the concert was kept in everybody's mind by the soldiers and sailors stationed in the corridors and charming "vivandières" and drummer boys who sold programmes. As for music, there were Madame Patti and M. Alvarez, and there were Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Johannes Wolff.

The concert ended with a brilliant military tableau. The back of the stage was occupied by the

massed bands of the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards; in front of them stood specimens—and very fine specimens, too—of some five-and-thirty regiments of the British Army and reserve forces, with a group of bluejackets and a couple of businesslike-looking Maxims. After the combined bands had played a march and a selection of English airs, the proceedings ended with "God Save the Queen," the first verse of which was sung by Mr. Lloyd and the second by Madame Patti.

IN AID OF THE OFFICERS' WIVES AND FAMILIES FUND: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

Topics of the Week

The Relief of Ladysmith IN the long and glorious annals of the British Empire, there is hardly a page which will compare with the present week for splendour of achievements. After long and anxious waiting, the South African campaign has culminated in two victories of a practically overwhelming character. Tuesday brought glad news that General Cronje had unconditionally surrendered with the whole of his imprisoned force; early on Thursday morning came the equally gratifying announcement that Ladysmith was relieved. It shows how deep the loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects is that the first thought which found expression in the streets of London on both occasions was, "How glad the Queen will be!" It was a wholly right impression; the first thing Her Majesty did when visiting her stricken soldiers at Netley Hospital was to order instant announcement to be made in every ward and corridor of the Boer surrender at Paardeberg. And as the Queen-Empress felt so did all her subjects feel; there came home to all hearts and minds a profound sense of relief and of thankfulness. The bulldog tenacity which differentiates the English from all other nations never wavered in its grip from first to last. Lord Methuen held on at Modder River as Sir Redvers Buller held on away to the east with grim steadfastness until the arrival of reinforcements enabled the forward movement to be resumed. With equal staunchness, the garrisons of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking set sufferings and privations at defiance; never was there the faintest whisper of surrender. While in the case of his brilliant victory at Paardeberg, Lord Roberts vindicated the reputation of British generalship, and showed that the isles which gave birth to a Marlborough and a Wellington, can still produce commanders of consummate skill, Sir Redvers Buller, placed in a much more difficult position, rightly placed chief trust in the superb fighting quality of soldiers who "never know when they are beaten." But it would not be just to withhold admiration of the splendid valour and staunchness displayed by the Boers. Even when every allowance is made for the advantages they enjoyed when the campaign began, and for the country being so exactly adapted for their methods of warfare, no impartial Englishman will deny them the possession of military virtue in an exceptionally high degree. What they will do next remains to be seen. The brilliant success of Lord Roberts's flank march and the surrender at Paardeberg fatally compromised General Joubert's strategical position in Natal, by menacing his long line of communications. But owing to his having an important railway at his disposal, he can get away much quicker than General Cronje could, and although the Drakensberg mountain range is turned, there are other formidable positions further to the north where temporary stand may be made. No efforts, however heroic, will serve, nevertheless, to check the flowing tide of British victory; it has begun to surge forwards towards doomed Pretoria, and it will never pause, except momentarily, until its irresistible waves break on and finally overwhelm the great fortress whose strength so largely influenced President Kruger to challenge British supremacy in South Africa.

The Liberal Party IT has so long been an unconscious axiom with Englishmen that their Government must be carried on by two Parties that the country has hardly yet realised that this system of Government is fast becoming impossible. For the moment, at any rate, the Party system has ceased to exist, because one of the two parties has reduced itself to something worse than a cypher. Taking the country through, the evidence of contested elections shows that Liberalism is almost as strong as ever it was in the constituencies. It is in the House of Commons that the Party is so hopelessly weak. This fact forces the conclusion that it is personalities rather than principles that are to blame. The fatal blow was struck by the man who had himself raised the Party to its highest pinnacle of power. When he decided for the sake of a momentary political advantage to link himself with men whom he had previously described as "marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire," he destroyed the moral basis on which the Liberal Party had rested. Men who had been known throughout their lives as fervent Liberals shook off the dust of the Party and went into the fold of Liberal Unionism. Of those who remained it was shrewdly suspected that many had only the faintest sympathy with the policy which Mr. Gladstone forced upon the Party. The alliance with the Irish Nationalists was false from the outset, and the Party found itself equally powerless to break loose from the alliance or to give effect to it. That curse still clings to what remains of the Liberal Party. The position has become so intolerable that one by one the distinguished men drop away leaving only the mediocrities. A new schism now threatens the Party on the question of Imperial Policy. The men who always start with the assumption that their own country must be wrong are trying to pin the Liberal Party to a policy which would alienate many of the best of its remaining members and reduce the Party to about the strength of the Irish group that serves under Mr. Redmond. That is the prospect immediately in front of us, and if it should be realised the country will have to discover some way of working Parliamentary institutions without the competition of two Parties. That will not be an easy task.

The Court Now that the outlook in South Africa has so far improved, there is every chance of the Queen taking her Continental holiday after all, and the Queen's plans for the trip to Brodighera are again being made, although all arrangements must still hinge on the progress of the campaign.

This has been a very busy week for the Queen. Windsor Castle has been full of visitors, while Her Majesty has taken part in three official functions. Lord Lansdowne and the Lord Chamberlain, while a special warm welcome was given to Lady Roberts and her daughter, the Hon. Aileen Roberts. After lunching with the Royal party, Lady Roberts received the Order of the Court of India from the Queen's hands. Prince and Princess Christian have repeatedly dined at the Castle, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with their three children, arrived on Saturday for a few days' stay, and the Prince and the Princess of Wales with Princess Victoria came down to lunch on Sunday. The Castle was looking quite cheerful again, for the Queen had the East Terrace opened to the public in the afternoon, when two military bands played.

The Queen's long-promised visit to Netley Hospital came off on Tuesday, when Her Majesty took the fatiguing journey from Windsor on purpose to see the sick and wounded returned from the front. The Princesses have frequently been over from Osborne, but this is the first time the Queen has been to see the sufferers from the present campaign. The next Royal function in connection with the war was at Windsor, when Her Majesty would inspect the Berkshire Volunteers who are going to the war. The contingent paraded in the Grand Quadrangle of the Castle under Captain Ewen. An Investiture of various Orders on Thursday was another event of the week at the Castle. Amongst the leave-takings, too, was the Queen's farewell to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their departure to Ireland.

March generally ushers in the first Court ceremonials of the season, and the eagerly expected Drawing Rooms are announced at last for the 13th and 15th inst. The Princess of Wales presides on both occasions in the Queen's stead, Her Majesty not intending to be present until later in the season. The Drawing Rooms will be preceded by the first Levée of the year, to be held by the Prince of Wales next Wednesday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are staying in town for the present. The Prince is busied in the daytime with committees and other official duties, while in the evenings he frequently accompanies his wife and daughters to some theatre. Monday found the Prince and Princess at Southampton to welcome home the Princess's hospital ship, which has just returned from the Cape, bringing 176 patients. The Princess of Wales has proved as good and comfortable a vessel as could be wished, while the arrangements on board have worked most satisfactorily. She returns to the Cape to-day (Saturday) to carry on her work, so that the Princess lost no time in hurrying down to see how the vessel had fared in her work, and to give a Royal welcome to the first patients to come home.

With national attention so fixed on Colonial needs, there is some danger that home industries may suffer. So our Princes and Princesses lead the way in forwarding the cause of both Scotland and Ireland. The Prince of Wales will open the Exhibition and Sale of the Irish Industries Association on St. Patrick's Day, at the Mansion House, while Princess Louise goes to Liverpool on the 22nd inst. to open a Sale of Work for the Scottish Home Industries Association. Probably she will stay with Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT is to be hoped the needs of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street will not be forgotten in these days of large-hearted charity on all sides. *Mr. Punch* has used his powerful pen and his eloquence to good purpose, and has in an inconceivably short space of time raised 3,000/- in aid of this excellent institution. But still there is more to be done. The ordinary expenditure of the hospital is 16,000/-, the income is 9,000/-; this leaves 7,000/- to be provided. It is a little over eleven years ago that dear old Mrs. Keeley pleaded eloquently for the hospital and the children. Those who heard her will not forget the thrilling earnestness with which she said—

I crave for them your sympathy untold,
Your love, your help, your pity, and your gold!
The last I'm bound to have, for, you must know,
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!
I've not forgot his impudence, his dash—
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, fives—
We want *your* money, for we want *their* lives.

Mr. Punch has most successfully used his "rare persuasive power when seeking cash," and it is to be trusted that everyone will follow his excellent example and aid him in the good cause he has so valiantly undertaken.

Are we to have no more happy days? And if we are, is the place to spend them to be demolished? Rossherville Gardens used to be advertised as "the place to spend a happy day," and I am grieved to hear a rumour that this picturesque and leafy pleasure-ground is likely to be disestablished. When London was a quarter the size it is now we had at least fifteen public gardens in and about it. Now, when such retreats would be invaluable, we have none. What a boon it would be if we could once more restore Vauxhall, the Ranelagh, Bermondsey Spa, the St. Helena Tea Gardens, and the gardens known as the Anerley, the Rosemary Branch, the Royal Floral, the Old Manor House at Chelsea, Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House, Bayswater, Beaulah Spa, and Highbury Barn, as well as those that have been more recently disestablished, such as Cremorne, the Surrey Gardens, and the North Woolwich Gardens. Any one of these, if it had been preserved, would have formed an invaluable lung in the vast desert of bricks and mortar that London has become. Rossherville seems to be the last, and it is sincerely to be hoped it may be spared.

My first visit was paid to these gardens when I was a very tiny child. I remember the voyage thither by steamer as a bit of bold adventure that was very creditable to my courage, and I can recall the subsequent wanderings in dark forests and scaling of mountain passes as being very perilous, but at the same time thrillingly pleasant. Years afterwards, when I explored real forests and climbed real mountains, I did not believe in them because they were totally unlike the Rossherville friends of my youth. I also recollect the voyage home by steamer in the dark, which was deliciously terrible. It was a thing to be whispered about in the twilight, when the nursery fire flashed fitfully, and always gave me the feeling of being a shipwrecked mariner who had only just escaped by the skin of his teeth. It was only last year that I paid a visit to these gardens, and I expected to be very much disappointed. Instead of which I was very much surprised at the beauty of the place, with its shaded walks, its winding paths, its valleys and its cliffs, and its fine views of the river. I fancy these gardens were first opened by Jeremiah Rosher, about seventy years ago, and it is to be hoped they are not going to be closed yet awhile. If they are, it would be well for the inhabitants of Gravesend and Northfleet to consider the propriety of securing the place for a public park.

Doubtless we all of us have some experience of those persons who reside beyond the bounds of probability. I mean those people who live in remote quarters of the town and secluded suburbs, and imagine their visitors can find their residences as easily as the proprietors can—who have probably spent half their lifetime in every-day exploring a difficult neighbourhood. What a many excursions I have undertaken "beyond the bounds of probability," and how often have I returned home sad and sorry without ever having reached my friend's residence. They always say it is close to the railway station, and anyone will tell you where it is. If you descend at the right railway station—which is by no means easy to accomplish, as there are often three or four stations bearing analogous names to your friend's neighbourhood—you may wander for hours and you will never discover the road. Or if you discover the road you will find nobody knows your friend's mansion, and you may knock at the house on the right and the house on the left of his residence, and they will tell you they never heard his name. In such case, unless you can get your host to personally conduct you, it would perhaps be wiser to sternly refuse all invitations from those who dwell "beyond the bounds of probability." But stay, I have just come across an excellent idea, devised by a friend of mine, whose house is somewhat difficult for the stranger to find, though situated in by no means an out-of-the-way quarter. He has a clear map of the neighbourhood printed, with special landmarks and a dotted line running from the railway station to his front door. If you sail by this chart it is impossible to go wrong. I sincerely trust my friend's excellent notion may be imitated by all who dwell "beyond the bounds of probability."

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THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. W. ALDWORTH
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN T. H. BERNEY
Killed in operations near Colenso



THE LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT V. A.
BALL-ACTION
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. M. BLAIR
Killed at Koodoosberg



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. THE HON. V.
MCCLINTOCK BANBURY
Died of wounds received near Ladysmith



THE LATE CAPTAIN B. A. NEWBURY
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT E. G. CARBUTT
Killed at Kimberley



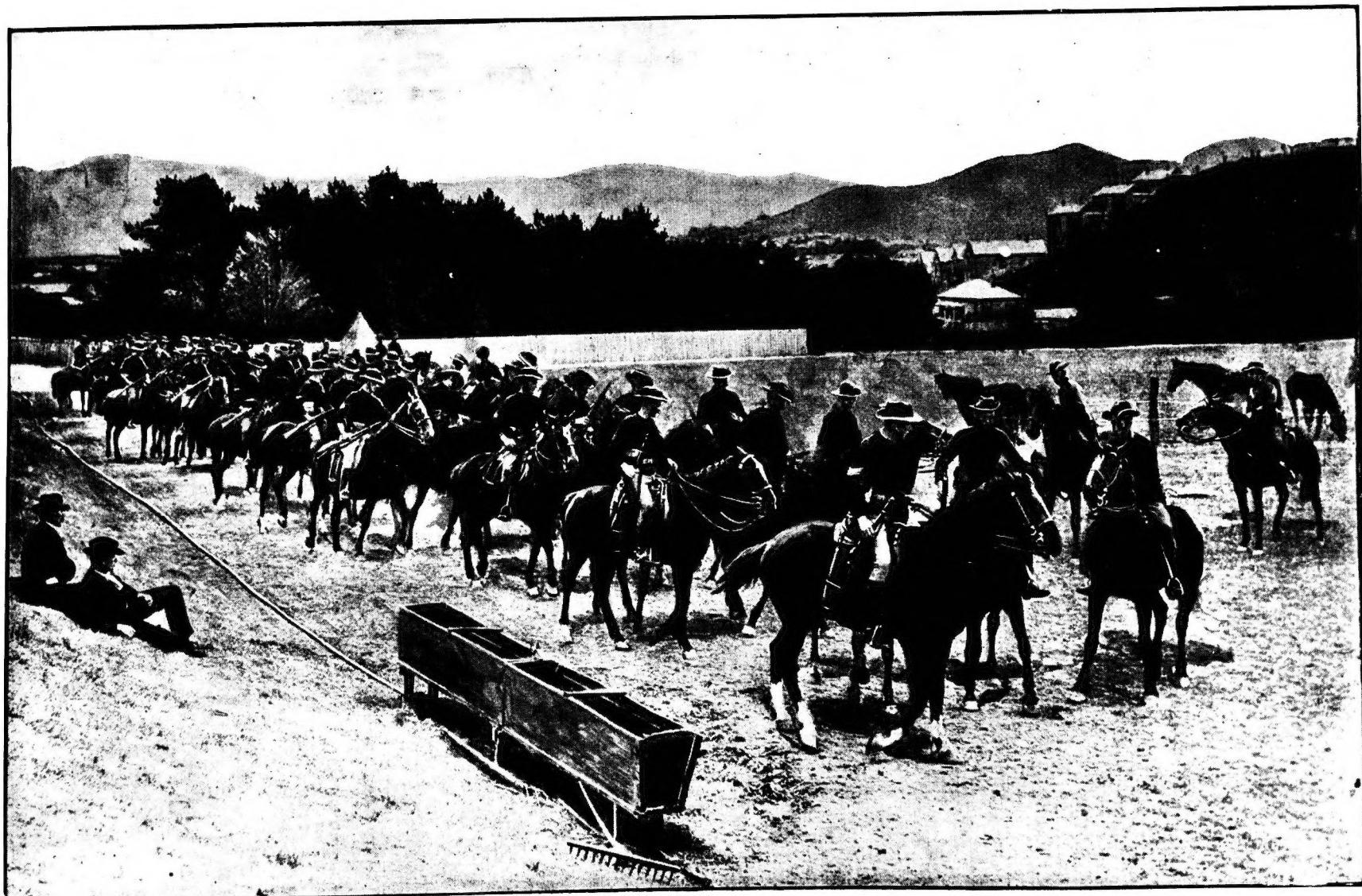
THE LATE LIEUTENANT S. F. SIORDET
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. P. WARDLAW
Killed near Paardeberg



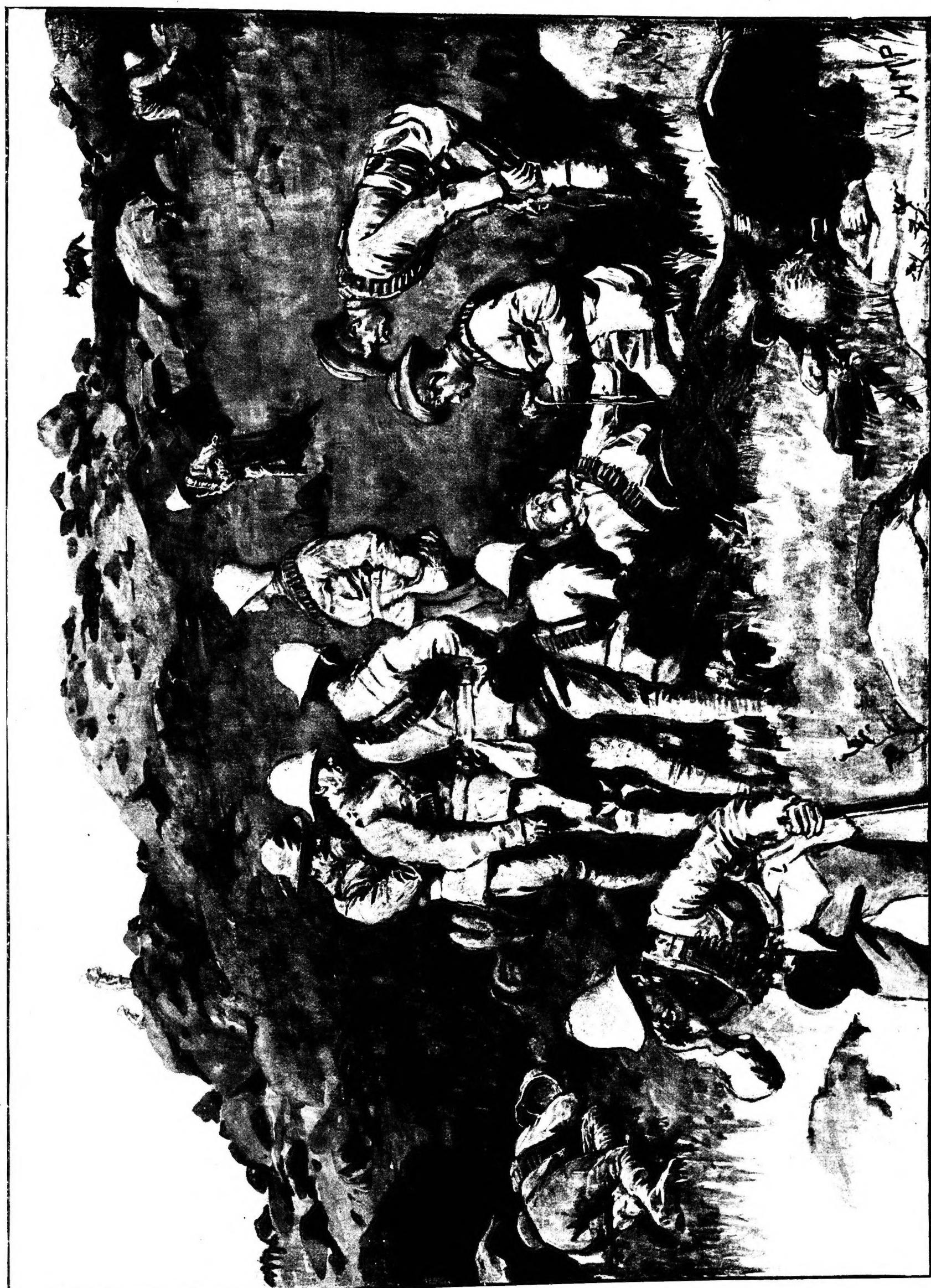
THE LATE LIEUTENANT RUDALL
Killed at Spion Kop



The second New Zealand contingent for South Africa, under the command of Major Cradock, and numbering 242 officers and men and 300 horses, left Wellington on January 20. The force was escorted by a full muster of the local Volunteers and by a detachment of bluejackets from the warship *Tauranga* from the camp at Newton Park to Jervois Quay, where a triumphal arch had been erected. At this point were Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, and Lady Ranfurly, Mr. R. J. Seddon, the Premier, the other Ministers, the members of both Houses of the Legislature, mayors from all parts of the

colony, the Chief Justice and the Judges, Bishop Wallis, Archdeacon Redwood, and many other leading citizens. Altogether fully 70,000 spectators assembled to witness the contingent's departure. The Premier, in a speech bidding the men farewell, said that another contingent would follow, and, if occasion arose, every man who could bear arms in the colony would volunteer, as in helping the Empire in South Africa they were securing New Zealand and upholding the Queen, the country, and the Constitution. The troops afterwards embarked on the *Waiwera*. Our illustration is from a photograph by Walter Burke, Christchurch, N.Z.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE: THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA FALLING IN AT CHRISTCHURCH



After the battle at Potgieter's Drift, when our mounted infantry and cavalry
caused the Boers by surprise, and drove them back, some of our men went out to search the
ground for wounded. They found ten Boers dead or dying, and eight badly wounded. The
soldiers ran to these last, covering them with blankets or mackintoshes, propping their heads
with pillows and giving them water from their bottles. It was difficult to believe that these same
men had been trying to kill each other a few minutes before.

AFTER THE BATTLE AT POTGIEWER'S DRIFT: HELPING FALLEN FOEMEN

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

SEVERAL French newspapers have directed attention to a letter which is said to have been written by the Duke of Orleans, and to a conversation which the Duke is said to have had with a journalist at the Carlton Hotel in London. Both the letter and the conversation contain expressions which have greatly offended all Englishmen who have read the text of the former and the accounts of the latter. There are passages in both the letter and the conversation which, directly and indirectly, are especially offensive, as they affect the Queen not only in her public capacity as a Sovereign, but in her private capacity as a lady.

A short and unofficial paragraph has been published, after a considerable delay, which purports to convey to the public the private views of the Duke of Orleans as regards the letter and the conversation. It is to be assumed that the letter is a forgery, and that the account of the conversation is a fabrication. The Duke of Orleans is, however, a member of several London clubs, and it

The nation seems to have set its heart on having soldiers, and soldiers it will have. The hour has brought the man, for there is no other General in the British Army who would so resolutely, and who could with so little regard to personal consequences, upset a system which has so long been accepted. The events of the present war have made it apparent that, however admirable the possession of health, courage and the "sporting" qualities may be, the soldier of to-day must have other sources of strength. The profession of arms is to be a hard career for the future in this country, and Lord Kitchener is precisely the man to bring about the change.

The men who belong to the rising generation will learn with pleasure that, for a time at least, examinations for the Army will not be so severe—so unnecessarily severe—as they have been. The campaign will have reduced the number of officers considerably, and on the return of the troops many others will retire from the service. That will cause the authorities to relax the stringent conditions which formerly guarded the granting of commissions. Besides, the War Office now realises that the training of a soldier should be more a matter of the barrack-room than of the schoolroom. Many an embryo successful General has been refused admission into the service merely because he could not overcome learned and half-withered pedants in the examination-room. Those days are passed for the present at least.

Music of the Week

THE week has been a busy one for concerts of all sorts, including the great War Concert conducted by Mr. Ganz at the Opera House, and resulting in a profit to the Fund of something like £11,000., and a War Concert and variety performance at Queen's Hall for the 5th Fusiliers, supported by a considerable number of artists from the theatres. We have also during the week had at Queen's Hall an Eisteddfod extending over two days, or, in other words, a series of competitions for vocalists, instrumentalists, and choirs, somewhat after the plan so successfully adopted at the larger Eisteddfodau in Wales itself. The fact, however, did not seem to have been made well known that the competitions were open to the English as well as the Welsh, and accordingly the competitors were comparatively few; while the general standard of performance was not very high, and the audiences were small. The promoters of the scheme have wisely therefore, determined to skip next year, and to work the affair up for a bigger Eisteddfod in 1902. Gallant little Wales also, of course, asserted itself at the annual St. David's Eve Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. This time the Service was held a day earlier than usual, in order not to clash with Ash Wednesday, but the Service was entirely in Welsh, and was largely made up of Welsh music, the choir being composed of Welsh residents in London, and a band of harps under Mr. John Thomas being likewise utilised.

The commencement of the spring season of Crystal Palace



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY EVAN DORT

A company of about 125 of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry embarked at Colombo for South Africa on the 1st inst. on the transport *Ukuzi*. It consisted chiefly of planters. In honour of the contingent a grand military tattoo was held at Colombo. A magnificent spectacle was presented when all the troops engaged in

the celebration were massed and marched round the Union Jack, singing "Soldiers of the Queen." The

crowd, stirred and carried by the splendour of the display, joined in the song with the greatest heartiness

THE CEYLON CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA: A MILITARY TATTOO IN ITS HONOUR AT COLOMBO

is generally felt that he should be given the opportunity of denying the authenticity of the letter and of the conversation. When this aspect of the case is brought to his notice, there is every reason to believe that the Duke will communicate with the committees of the London clubs to which he belongs, and will thus relieve them from the very embarrassing situation in which they find themselves. It is obvious that if the authenticity of the letter and the correctness of the account of the conversation are not officially denied by the Duke, the committees of those clubs will have to act upon such evidence as there is before them, and thus an innocent man may be punished.

Events seem to be shaping their course steadily in the direction of the Command-in-Chief of the British Army being handed over to Lord Kitchener when occasion arises. Should that prediction be fulfilled British officers will have to face a wholesale revolution in the conditions of military life. Lord Kitchener is a soldier who has had little experience of the smooth side of the career, the side which is more occupied with sport and "Society" than with the sword. It is known, moreover, that the authorities at the War Office have long wished to deal with that matter, but have feared to grapple with a subject which, in the then existing circumstances, would have aroused much and powerful opposition.

During the next few months several diplomatists who hold important appointments will have to retire through having reached the limit of age. It is expected that the new spirit which actuates the nation will influence Lord Salisbury in appointing those who will succeed them. The Diplomatic Service has for many years been the one possession which, above all others, is controlled by favouritism. Lord Beaconsfield frequently said, "We have but one diplomatist, Lord Lytton." How many have we now? It is well to be prepared for war, but it is better to have diplomatists who, by their judicious management of men and matters, can either prevent war or can obtain that which it is necessary for us to have without appealing to arms.

Has it ever occurred to any progressive reformer that diplomacy is a profession for which many women are especially suited? It is quite possible that the United States may one day appoint a woman Ambassador to a foreign Court and thus revolutionise the service. Many a distinguished Ambassador has owed his success in the profession to his wife, who has not only made the Embassy popular but has overcome many difficulties by her tact. Besides, women are quicker at seeing things which are meant to be hidden than men are, and can often obtain information when men cannot.

Concerts drew on Saturday an audience which quite filled the concert room. They were also most enthusiastic, and gave Mr. Manns, who is just completing forty-four years of service there, a very hearty reception. The novelty was Berlioz' *Rob Roy* overture. It seems strange that a work now nearly seventy years old, and by so eminent a composer, had never before been heard in this country, the more especially as the subject is British, and the overture is largely based upon the melody of the song which Burns rechristened, "Scots wha hae" although the tune ("Hey tutti taity") is a much older one, and the poet himself, indeed, has mentioned a tradition that it accompanied the march of Bruce's troops to Bannockburn.

It has now been arranged that the Opera Season at Covent Garden shall start a week later than was anticipated, in order that it may finish just before Goodwood. It will therefore commence on May 14, and will close on July 30, Monday of Goodwood week. The arrangements for the season remain practically the same as they were announced some weeks ago, although several important engagements are known to be pending. Herr Mottl has also now definitely agreed to conduct the two special cycles of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, which will be given in June, and will be a feature of the season. There will probably be no other opera season in London this summer; but in a few weeks, at Brighton, the Carl Rosa troupe again propose to produce an English version of Spinelli's *A Basso Porto*, which they had in hand some years ago.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

A NEW winter amusement is difficult to find in England. Skating, except in a rink, to which many people rightly object, is impossible, and thus many are driven to seek pleasurable excitement abroad. From the hot winds of Africa to the chilly summits of the Alps and the snow-clad north is a far cry. Yet, according to temperament, the English fly to Cairo or St. Moritz. The latter place has an enormous fascination for the skater. Day after day fresh problems of increasing arduousness present themselves to him, patterns, devices, ingenious turns severally test the skater's skill, and afford a never-ending source of interest. Yet, beyond even skating, some rate tobogganing the most exhilarating health cure. Mr. Hitchens, who has tried it in Sweden, thus assures us. The spice of danger adds to its value, and anyone who has spent a winter tobogganing in the open air amid pine forests needs no other stimulant or joy. It is a wonder more travellers do not visit Sweden, which is cheap, easily reached, and hitherto free from the rush of the ordinary tourist.

It is a fact much to be deplored that while drinking among gentlemen is on the decrease, amongst ladies it is on the increase. Whether this is owing to the generally high-strung and pessimistic tendency of the day, which especially affects women, or to the often indiscreet advice of doctors to their patients to take plenty of stimulant, cannot be easily ascertained, but the fact remains. Ladies take a great deal more wine than they used at dinner, and they also indulge in frequent liqueurs and whisky-and-sodas. The other day I happened to notice a lady at dinner, apparently in excellent health, who drank a glass of sherry, two glasses of burgundy, and two glasses of champagne during the meal, succeeded by coffee and chartreuse, and ending with a nightcap of whisky-and-soda. Yet this extraordinary mixture appeared not to affect her uncomfortably, a proof that she was used to it. Some women take drugs as well—morphia, chloric ether, &c. The insidiousness of drink to women is something appalling; rarely is a female dipsomaniac cured, and terrible are the ravages such a vice will make in the average household. Fortunately, we are not all drunkards and causes of scandal, but it is certain that a vast number of women habitually and innocently drink too much.

Very fascinating to the female imagination is *lingerie*, that pretty, dainty, frivolous extravagance that we have imported from France. The beauty of these articles cannot be denied, nor their comparative cheapness, having regard to the delicacy of their handiwork; only one regretful thought occurs—where can these lovely diaphanous garments be washed? The British laundress has a heavy hand, and no regard for fair linen. Unless the lady's own handmaiden should take charge of all this dainty prettiness, one knows the result: lace stiffened, cambric torn, frills ungauffered, and a condition of yellow starchiness absolutely fatal to beauty.

Starch, the bane of the English washerwoman, was invented by one of the mignons of Henry III. of France as a means of stiffening the ruffs of the period. It was delicately manipulated, sparingly used, and large sums of money were spent on the washing and getting up of fine linen, which was an art and an occupation not despised by ladies of the Court. Now it has become the work of the lowest class, even of the reformed criminal, and to be employed at the wash-tub stamps the woman so engaged at once as one of a humble rank in life. Nuts wash beautifully. They are taught it as a science in the convent, where it is not considered unladylike or derogatory to dignity, consequently there is a sense of refinement, a grace about conventional washing, which is very charming. In old days the lady's maid's great quality was the washing of lace, and the mending and getting up of fine linen. Now, everything goes to the laundress, and even the servants cannot wash their own things.

Dress on the stage grows more and more sumptuous, especially do dresses and cloaks become dreams of beauty. The dress worn by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the little play of *Mrs. Jordan* is exquisitely picturesque and becoming. An under-petticoat of pale cream silk, a gown of sky-blue lined with pink and edged with minever—the gown, gathered in full thick pleats behind, just as they are now doing in Paris, a lace stomacher, a deep waistband, diamond buttons, and ruffles of lace to the wrist. With this a black satin loose coat, lined with pink and trimmed with minever, a large granny muff of ermine, a big, black picture hat, and what could be more charming for an afternoon drive? The powdered hair, too, gives a Dresden china-like delicacy to the complexion, and a vague charm of femininity. The undefined waist, the amplitude of garment, as we see it in the Gainsborough and Sir Joshua's pictures, was far more really becoming to a woman than the wasp-waist, the mannish coat, the eel-like skirt of the present day. Especially was this costume suitable to the elderly lady, who, with her powder, her lace, and her short bodice, could lay claim to beauty even to the most advanced age.

The figure of Don Juan, the gay and daring libertine, has specially attractive features. His story has appealed to the Spanish dramatists, to the great Molière, who drew inspiration from this source, to the scoffing Byron, and to later poets and operatic composers. Many are the legends gathered round his name, but perhaps the most pathetic of all realities is the flat slab, Don Juan's only tombstone, let into the pavement of the altar in the chapel of the Hospital de la Caridad, in Seville, whereon is inscribed the words, "To the memory of the greatest sinner that ever lived." Don Juan's house is still to be seen, a house with quaint projecting windows, stern, lonely, iron barred, set under rows of Saracenic arches. Here lived Don Juan in the fourteenth century, a nobleman of the bluest blood in Spain. Here he indulged in excesses, here he loved and banqueted and foreshore himself and admired ladies, and fought and revelled, for the very priests lived like gallants, and the nuns trailed long gowns and laughed at religion. Merrymakings were held in the churches, and men got drunk and danced on the graves, much to Don Juan's delight, no doubt, who, however, contrary to operatic precedent, died penitently and soberly in his bed, and was not carried away by the devil, but endowed and founded the Hospital of la Caridad, a worthy institution, which exists to this day.



Much inconvenience was caused by the keeping of Boer prisoners on ships, and it was lately decided to transport them to the outskirts of Simon's Town. Our illustration is from a photograph by Leonard Jenks, who took it in very trying circumstances. The Boer prisoners disliked being photographed, and stones were thrown at the photographer, who also got into trouble for being present, and was put under arrest for a time by the commandant of the gaol.

TRANSFERRING BOER PRISONERS FROM THE "CATALONIA" TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF SIMON'S TOWN



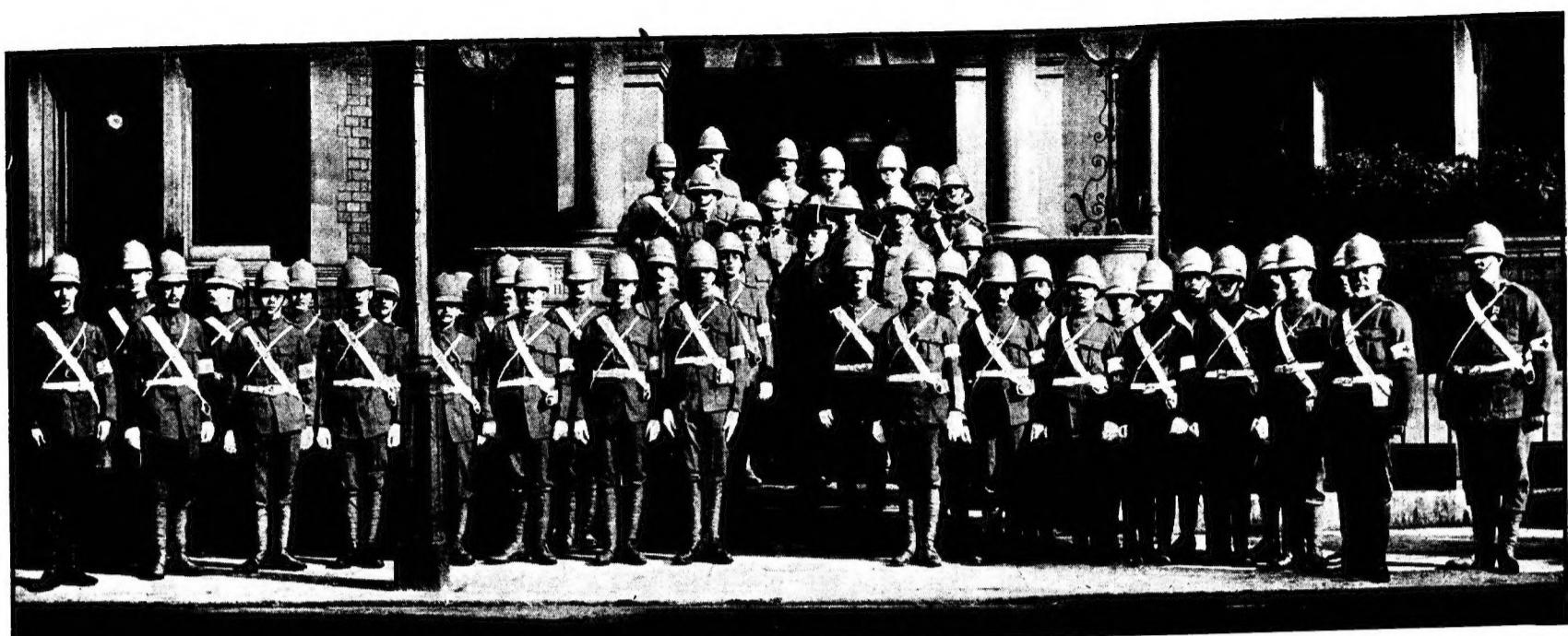
The departure of the second contingent of Victoria Volunteers for South Africa aroused much enthusiasm in Melbourne. The procession of the men, headed by Lord and Lady Brassey in a carriage, and escorted by some 4,000 other troops, was watched by thousands of people. Our illustration, which shows the end of the procession passing down Market Street, is from a photograph by R. C. Heathfield.

THE SECOND VICTORIA CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA: PROCESSION IN MELBOURNE



The second batch of volunteers from Victoria, composed of Mounted Rifles under the command of Colonel Price, left Melbourne for the Cape on the s.s. *Eurvalus* on January 13. As the vessel left loud cheers were raised from the pier, and the men clustered in the stern of the vessel to wave farewells. Our illustration is from a photograph by R. C. Heathfield.

DEPARTURE OF THE SECOND VICTORIA CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA



THE STAFF OF THE LANGMAN FIELD HOSPITAL WHO SAILED LAST WEEK FOR SOUTH AFRICA

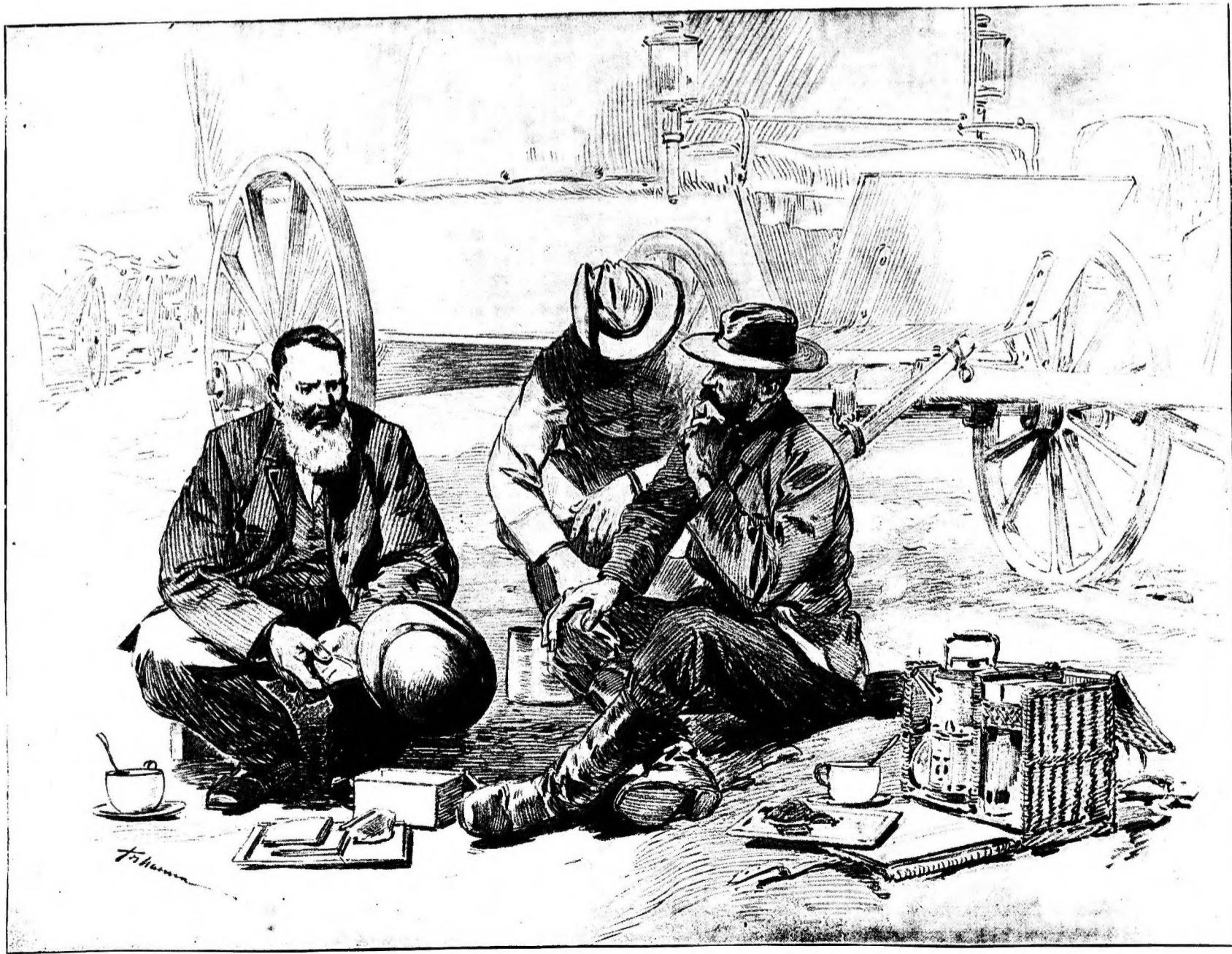
THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL

THE staff of the Langman Hospital were inspected prior to their departure for the Cape by the Duke of Cambridge. The inspection took place at the headquarters of the St. George's Rifles in Davies Street, Berkeley Square.

The Langman Hospital, so named after its donor, is, as has been already stated in *The Graphic*, designed to succour the sick and wounded at the front, and is not like the other civil hospitals a base hospital. Apart from the usual paraphernalia in the way of surgical appliances, stretchers, medicines, and the like, it is provided with many additional comforts and even

luxuries in the shape of a variety of articles of food. Major M. O'C. Drury, R.A.M.C., appointed by the War Office as the Army medical officer in charge, was in command at the final parade, which saw the staff, to the number of forty-five—including twenty orderlies from the St. John Ambulance Brigade—drawn up in double rank, all arrayed in the serviceable khaki now so familiar. Comprised in the personnel are Mr. Robert O'Callaghan (civil surgeon-in-chief), Dr. Conan Doyle (senior civil physician) — who presented a stalwart figure in uniform—Mr. C. Gibbs, Mr. H. J. Scharlieb, and a number of the senior students from University College Hospital, including Messrs. Hackney, Turle,

Blasson, Mayes, and Burton, who are to be employed as dressers, while Lieutenant A. L. Langman (Middlesex Yeomanry), son of the donor, accompanies the hospital in the capacity of treasurer. Among those present at the inspection were Lord Kinnaird, the Countess of Bective, General the Hon. F. Eaton, Surgeon-General Jameson, R.A.M.C., Colonel Bowdler (St. John Ambulance Brigade), General Muir, and Mr. and Mrs. John Langman. The Duke of Cambridge, with whom were Admiral FitzGeorge and Colonel FitzGeorge, made a careful inspection of the staff, with whose appearance he expressed himself highly pleased. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

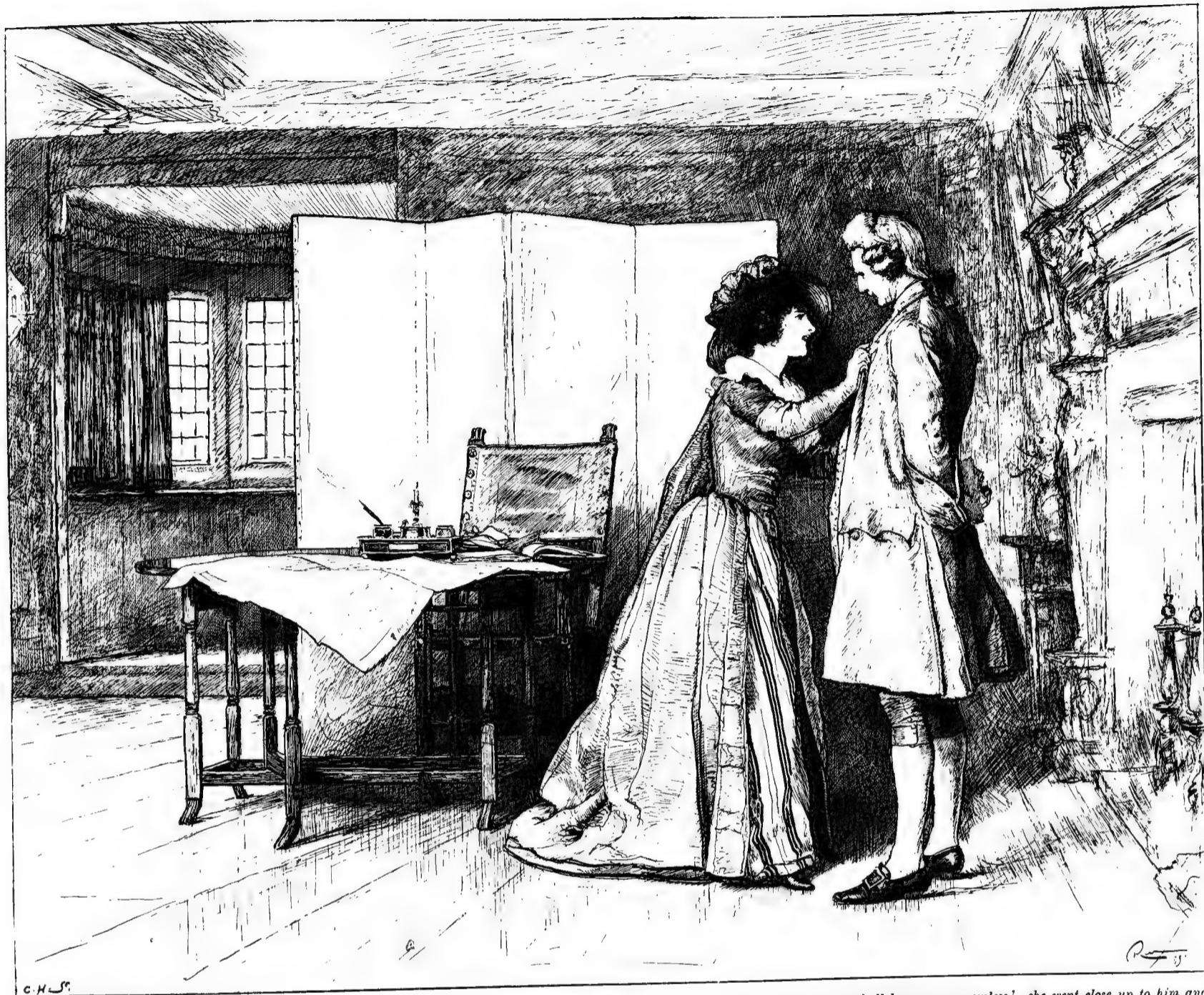


DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The famous Boer General, who is here shown breakfasting with his orderly and an ambulance man when marching towards Ladysmith, has disappeared from the public view lately. Some reports say that he is

dead, and others that he has been superseded, while there is also a rumour that he is seriously ill. Whatever the cause, his name has been conspicuously absent in telegrams lately received from the front

WITH THE ENEMY: GENERAL JOUBERT BREAKFASTING AT NEWCASTLE ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT



"I'm called Bell Mac Lurg. My father is a Laird in this county of Galloway. But I have no money of my own. So we shall be very poor unless—she went close up to him and laid her hand on the sleeve of his coat, pressing it softly as if she had been accustomed to do it all her life—unless you think there is any chance of Adam getting back some of his property. Do you think there is, Uncle?"

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

March 3

CHAPTER XIII.

It was late afternoon upon Millwharchar Muir. The sun began to cast long, slaty shadows thwartwise across the ruddy purple and golden brown. The moss-hags acquired threatening eyebrows as their overhanging summits shut off the sunshine from their gloomy deeps.

Seven times had Bell remarked that it was time to be going homewards, lest one of her brothers—or perhaps Will Begbie—might take it into his head to come that way looking for her.

Besides, the peats were fitted—as many as two rows of stooks—work for half an hour at least. But then Bell had had to wait till the casting was dry enough. Other things also had interfered. At last, however, after an eighth declaration, she rose determinedly to her feet. This time there must be no dallying. She must be going. No, she would not sit down again and think it over. It was time, and high time, too. And he ought to know better than to ask her, considering the danger to them both; and what would she do if anything happened to him?

Well, just a minute then. There! Was he satisfied now?

So in the quiet, peaceful-seeming evening these two walked slowly towards the little copse which erected its crest of birch and fir over the edge of the moor. They went hand in hand, and discussed the flight to Isle Rathen. Adam was to arrange through a faithful retainer that Gideon Lamb, outed clergyman and good Jacobite, was to be in readiness. Mistress Patrick Heron (erstwhile May Maxwell) was to be warned. Bell's heart throbbed at the thought of meeting her, reassured, however, by the news that she had once been a farmer's daughter. Bell's father was a Laird.

"Now, little love," said Adam, "we must say good-night. Good angels keep you—till to-morrow, love, till to-morrow! And then, on the third day—why then, there will begin to be no more tomorrows for ever and ever!"

"Good-night, Adam!"

"Why do you not say Charles Francis?" he said smiling.

"I like Adam best now. You are my Adam!"

"Good-night, little Eve!"

"In the King's name, stand!"

The voice rang out like a trumpet, imperious and commanding, yet with a certain amount of the weakness of self-conscious youth in it.

Adam Home lifted his head and confronted a score of dismounted King's troopers. An officer was at their head with his sword drawn in his hand. Their carbines were at the ready, and the black muzzles approached within a dozen yards of his breast.

Very haughtily Adam Home, another Adam Home from him who had spoken these last words to his love, looked at his captors, his head high and his eyes straight and unabashed. He did not take his arm from about his sweetheart's waist under the gaze of so many men, but rather, as it seemed, kept it there with a kind of prideful ostentation.

So they stood, the red tunics of the dragoons almost black against the sunset, the last rays glinting on sword blade and gun barrel and looking fair into the dark and angry face of Adam Home and the wild eyes of Bell, the plighted wife of the man whose life was forfeit.

Behind the troop stood Will Begbie, despair and remorse already tugging at his heartstrings. But it was too late.

"Kilpatrick—you!" cried the young officer of dragoons in sheer and unfeigned astonishment.

"Ah, Harry!" was all that Adam Home replied.

There was a pause. The young ensign sheathed his sword with a sharp click, but his men remained fixed with their muskets pointed at the rebel.

"Cousin Adam," said the lad, his face colouring, "this is a deucedly awkward business for me. I declare I must take you prisoner!"

Adam Home smiled, and, removing his arm from his sweetheart's waist he took her hand instead. He could feel that her bosom was heaving tumultuously, the storm not far off. He resolved it should not break if he could help it.

"Certainly, Harry, lad," he cried cheerfully, "I am your prisoner. But I am this lady's prisoner first. I present you to my wife!"

"Your wife!" repeated the officer, obviously mystified.

"Yes, my wife, or almost," said Adam Home. "His Highness the Elector of Hanover permitting, we are to be married the day after to-morrow at the house of Mr. Patrick Heron of Isle Rathen, Justice of the Peace in this Stewartry of Kirkcudbright."

"That's worse still, Adam," said the lad, "for there's a warrant out for your arrest on a charge of high treason. And Uncle Harry is in Cairn Edward to meet with my Lord Galloway!"

"Content, my boy," said Adam Home calmly, "it will be quite a family gathering! All I ask is that you march your men round by the house of Millwharchar, which your guide (he looked at Will Begbie with a dry smile) doubtless pointed out to you in the valley as you came up. I would desire your leave to place in safety this lady who is so dear to me."

"Of course I will," cried the boy, brightening. "It is a shift most damnable that I am in. Pity me, Adam, and tell me what you would do if you were in my shoes!"

"Why," said Adam Home, "do what you must do—your duty. Besides, yo are my uncle's favourite and next heir, and when they stick my head on Tower Hill it will all be for the best."

The poor boy's distress was evident, but in another direction Adam Home had gone too far. At the image which his light words called up but too easily in her heart, Bell clasped him about the neck.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "I have brought you to this! Wicked girl that I am—I am the cause of your death! You will hate me. You will curse the day you saw me. You must. I will not love you if you do not!"

She turned upon the young officer.

"Oh, good sir, I know you are kind. Do, I pray you, release him. I beg you from my heart to let him go. Indeed, he was not plotting nor doing any harm to the King. He only came to see me. All the way from France he came. And I love him. And I hate you, Will Begbie. Yes, I hate you; I could kill you, crush you like a serpent under my foot! I know why he has done this, gentlemen; it is because I would not marry him. Ugh! the wretch. I always knew what he was. It always made me feel as if a toad hopped into my hand every time he shook it. And now he has wickedly

betrayed my love—my life. But you will let him go, good gentleman. Sir Captain, I will do anything you ask. I will be indebted to you all my life. Do take me to prison in his place. I alone am the guilty one, if there is any harm. He came all the way only to see me. Would not you have done the same?"

"Indeed that I would!" cried the boy eagerly.

"If you had been my sweetheart, I mean?"

"Whether or no!" cried the boy with enthusiasm. He had never seen so pretty a girl, he thought.

"Then you will let him go!"

The lad clasped his hands in despair as she smiled hopefully into his face. But Adam answered for him, tenderly caressing Bell's hand with his right, all the while keeping it firm in his left.

"He cannot, dearest heart!" he said; "he has his duty to perform. He is an officer of King George. I would do the same in his place. Indeed, he cannot let me go! My uncle could, but he will not!" He added the last sentence in an undertone.

"But they will kill you. I am sure I shall never see you again. And—the day after to-morrow was so near!"

At the sound of her sobs the lad bowed his head in a burst of boyish sorrow.

"This is hard, Adam," he moaned. "Heavens and earth, I declare if you say the word you can run for it when my troop is at the farmhouse. I will not let them fire. They can only break me. They won't shoot me. My uncle Henry would not let them do that, much as he hates you. *And I haven't got any sweetheart!*"

"My boy," said Adam Home gently, "I would not think of it for a moment. They will not hang me. At least, I do not think so. They are all for conciliation now. They say that the Prince has been in London, and that the Government knew of it."

"Do not be too sure! My uncle is very angry with you for rebelling. He never had any favour for you. And now he swears that you nearly loaded him with the King."

"And then, after all, he would have my estates if I were to hang, while the King would get them if they were only confiscated," said Adam in a whisper. "But cheer up, boy, and let us keep up this lady's spirits!"

They were come by this time to the little green loaning which leads through an orchard of crab apple and gooseberries to the house of Millwharchar.

Bell had walked quietly the last part of the way, holding her lover's hand while he talked with his cousin. She dried her eyes and listened. There seemed to be some hope. His uncle, they said, was a great man in whose hand were the powers of life and death.

Surely he would not order to the scaffold his own nephew—just for coming home to see one who loved him.

"Say 'Good-bye' to me here, little one," said Adam at the gate, gently, "I will soon be back to you. And though the day after to-morrow cannot bring me all the happiness I had hoped, yet to-night I shall sleep happier than ever before, knowing that you love me. Be not afraid. We must put the other off a little—but, please God, only for a little. God bless you, Bell. Be mindful of me—a worthless fellow enough, but one that truly loves you!"

"Good-night then—and not 'good-bye,' Adam!" said Bell, brightly holding up her face to be kissed unashamed before them all.

And so, with a wave of his hand and a look out of his eyes for her alone, Bell's lover marched off to prison smiling and *debonnaire* as ever—though the road he went might be even to the scaffold.

Bell stood on the doorstep and watched them go. Then, in a moment, her mood changed from resignation to alertness.

"John," she cried, "saddle me Brown Bess! And be quick! Don't ask why. You will know in good time. I will answer to my father when he comes home. Do as I bid you!"

And as John obediently departed stablewards, his imperious sister ran upstairs to her own little room to array herself in her daintiest dress, her whitest and fleeciest lace, her smartest shoes, and to don the pretty low-sitting hat over her sunny curls, which, when duly settled in its place, made her the most ravishing vision man could look upon. After that she stole into her brother's room, and, securing a rowel spur, fixed it carefully upon the heel of her shoe.

By the time she was finished and had dabbed her eyes free of all traces of tears, Brown Bess was at the door. And once more as Bell mounted, John besought her to tell him whither she was going.

"To Cairn Edward," she cried, as she sent the rowels home with absolute disregard for Brown Bess's feelings, and started at a tearing gallop down the brae.

At the loaning foot, where she had looked her last upon the man she loved, the man who only loved her stood full in her path.

"Bell, listen to me, Bell!" he cried. "Do not go till I have had speech with you! I could not help it! He but played with you, while I have loved you all my life."

He spoke pitifully, wildly, with a hoarse bark of despair in his voice. But he spoke in vain. Bell was of that nature which can forgive all things that do not touch the beloved. But there, she wolf guards not her young with fiercer tooth. She had found her love. Now she would fight for him. Rich or poor, peer of the realm or condemned traitor, Bell Mac Lurg cared no jot. He was hers. He was her all. What mattered a lifetime's devotion in any other?

"Out of my way, treacherous hound!" she cried, and as he tried in desperation to seize her bridle rein, she pulled Brown Bess sharply round and sent in the spur a second time. Even then Will Begbie stood his ground, but the pretty vixen on horseback cut him sharply across the cheek with her whip.

"That is all I have for traitors!" she cried as she passed him. She meant one who was a traitor to her love—King George or King James she cared nothing for. Why should she? She had but one king, and even now they were taking him to his death.

Will Begbie fell back with a red line across his face and his heart broken, while Bell swept down the Cairn Edward road in a tumult of angry exultation.

"This for a lifetime's devotion!" he said, with his hand touching his stinging cheek.

"That for betraying my love to his enemies!" she said, and inconsistently bestowed a little of the same upon Brown Bess, who at least was wholly innocent.

For love is a fire that eats up all, and there is no fuel that it burns faster than bygone kindnesses which are awkward to remember.

A grave-faced man of middle age sat writing in the best parlour of Mistress Douglas's change-house in the town of Cairn Edward.

He had laid aside his wig for greater ease, and now sat occasionally rubbing his cropped poll of badger grey with one hand, while he made the other to travel rapidly over the blue official sheets of foolscap which a secretary had placed on the table before him.

Occasionally he took snuff from a golden box with the royal arms on the lid, and then again he would look out of the low window before which a crowd of loafers was assembled. They were trying to get a glimpse of the man of quality within, who had come with so great a retinue to meet my Lord Galloway. It was even reported that he was one of the Royal Princes travelling in disguise.

Suddenly there was a noise in the passage. The clear determined demand of a feminine voice predominated. Then came the lower tones of a man refusing some request. Both of these were iterated and reiterated, growing every moment more insistent, till with a gesture of annoyance, the man at the table went to the door and flung it wide open.

"What is this unseemly brawl?" he cried in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed.

At sight of him his secretary and the valet who had been barring the way fell back, and between them their master found himself gazing at one of the loveliest maidens it had ever been his lot to behold. She was dressed in a short-pleated kirtle, over which was a silken overskirt prettily draped to show a tiny foot and the turn of a handsome ankle.

The girl's colour was vivid, her eyes at once brimful of tears and brilliant with indignation.

"A girl of spirit," thought Mr. Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury of King George II., and at present in that august monarch's absence abroad Lord Justice of the three kingdoms as well.

As soon as Bell saw her way plain before her, she ran to Pelham and clasped his arms as if for protection.

"I knew I would see him. I knew he would listen to me!" she cried triumphantly. "My lord, will you protect me from these—domestics? They would not let me see you! You will not permit them to drag me away. They would not dare, when you are by!"

"No, no," said my Lord Justice; "come in, madam, and tell me what it is you wish with me!"

Mr. Henry Pelham was embarrassed at being taken without his wig, in which, like the locks of Samson, abode much of the formal dignity of his age.

"Place a chair for the young lady, Benson," he commanded, and as the valet obsequiously did so and Bell followed him, with her eyes on the floor, my Lord Justice endued himself swiftly with his wig, and then, standing in a dignified attitude by the mantelpiece, looked at the vision of loveliness which had so suddenly burst in upon his seclusion.

"You need not wait," said Mr. Pelham gravely, to his servant Benson. The door closed instantly, and he turned towards his visitor. She had risen also to her feet, and after regarding him a moment with a troubled countenance, all suddenly she took two or three swift steps and fell on her knees before him. At the same time her hat slipped over backward and hung upon her shoulders by its ribband.

The First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury stood aghast. His very wig trembled with amazement in every hair.

"Oh, will you forgive your nephew," she cried; "he has been a rebel, I know, and he should not have come from France. But I made him. I am a wicked, wicked girl (though you might not think it to look at me). But he loved me, and he had not seen me for so long. And so would you have returned if you had loved me as he did. You know you would. For you are just like him; your eyes are the same. So you won't hang him. I rode at a gallop all the way to tell you first before any one else—and oh, you won't let them put him in prison, or kill him. Indeed, he only came to see me—"

Tears were running fast down her face by this time, and every sentence was punctuated with her sobs. She had taken possession of Mr. Pelham's hand, and now held it fast in both of hers.

"What—what?" quoth my Lord Justice, stammering in sheer amazement, "what is this? I do not understand. What nephew of mine? My nephew Harry is an officer in the King's army, and at this moment has gone out to capture a lurking rebel of Lord Dalmarnock's forces who has returned at the peril of his life to this country-side!"

"That is he—that is he!" cried Bell, loosening her grasp and holding up her hands clasped before him in the attitude of the sweetest and most pathetic supplication; "the rebel he went to take was your nephew Adam Home. And he found him on the moor—with me. I was teaching him to fit peats. And he never plotted any against King George or anybody. He never so much as mentioned his name."

"Adam Home—my nephew? You mean Lord Kilpatrick. That is the only rebel nephew I have," said Mr. Pelham. "He is in France—in, let me see, Avignon, with the Young Pretender; that was the last news we had of him!"

Bell passed this absolute declaration of her lover's quality without a heart-beat. She was hard on the track of something else—his life.

"But it is the same," she said, repossessing herself of the great man's hand. "He came straight from Avignon to see me. And we were to be married on Thursday, and then go away again. Oh, do let us go, and we will never trouble you or the King again."

"Ha—ahem!" said my Lord Justice, "this is grave indeed. My nephew, Adam, a proscribed rebel and companion of the Young Pretender, in Scotland, and being brought here in custody!"

"Yes, but in your custody and your kind nephew's! Nobody else will be the wiser. And he is so sorry for rebelling, and he will never do it any more. I will see to it myself that he does not!"

"Rise, my good girl!" said Mr. Henry Pelham, thinking how awkward it would be if my Lord Galloway should happen to come in at that moment. "Allow me to assist—"

"No! I will not rise from my knees till you have promised me his life. You will not let them hang him. Send him away anywhere—only let me go with him. He will get into no more mischief then, I warrant you!"

"There! There!—We will see what can be done!" said Mr. Pelham, touching Bell's curls in a fatherly way, and finding pleasure in the task.

"But promise! I will kiss your foot if you will only promise!" Bell spoke vehemently now.

"That is not necessary. Indeed, not my foot on any account when you are about it. Your hand! No, they shall not hang Adam for a traitor. I promise you they shall not. Gad, I did not think that the dog had the spirit in him to make a girl like this so much in love with him!"

Bell was now on her feet and stood before my Lord Pelham, looking down and twisting her slender fingers.

"I wish anyone so pretty loved me half as much!" said my Lord Justice, taking snuff. He was rather pleased with himself now that he had passed his word.

"You are very like your nephew. The same figure of a man—only a little more mature!" said the sly minx, looking with a certain admiration at the portly figure of the First Lord.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Mr. Pelham, brushing down his lace ruffles daintily, "Gad, it is true. That young rascal's mother, my poor sister, always said so. Well, well, you shall have your lover, though I am not at all sure that he deserves you!"

Then he looked again at her under his shaggy brows.

"But pray who may you be, young lady, who have thus captured and tamed so shy a bird as Adam Home?"

"I am called Bell Mac Lurg. My father is a Laird in this county of Galloway. But I have no money of my own. So we shall be very poor unless"—she went close up to him and laid her hand on the sleeve of his coat, caressing it softly as if she had been accustomed to do it all her life—"unless you think there is any chance of Adam getting back some of his property. Do you think there is, Uncle?"

The stern features of the First Lord relaxed into something approaching geniality. "You would make a fool of me between you. I warrant Adam put you up to all this."

"Oh no, he did not," asserted Bell hurriedly; "he does not know I am here. He will be very angry. But I can soon make it up with him." Now, can he have his estates back—or some of them?"

She faltered a little, and showed symptoms of relapsing again into tears. My lord, alarmed and thinking of my Lord Galloway approached her side.

"Do not cry, like a good girl. And we shall see—we shall see. But," he hesitated, "the King had as good as promised them in reversion to me. And indeed I do not see what I am to get out of all this if I give back the estates."

He took his fair petitioner by the soft, rounded chin and turned up her face. He saw two blue eyes looking into his through a mist of unshed tears.

"I am an old fool, I know," he growled, "to let myself be cozened by a brat like you out of something like ten thousand a year."

Bell clapped her hands joyously.

"Can he have them then? Will you promise? If you do—I will give you a kiss. I never gave a man a kiss before."

"What, not Adam?"

"No, not Adam!"

She forgot to say that he had taken one or two.

"By Gad, it is tempting—I will! It makes a man young again! But it must be with all the forms. No dab on the nose for Harry Pelham!"

"Besides," said Bell, casting down her eyes and hesitating.

"Besides what, you baggage?" cried my lord, looking admiringly at her.

Bess hesitated a moment, and then, warned by a noise on the street, said quickly, with a dangerous upward glance at the First Lord of the Treasury, "besides, you will like having me for a niece. Even at Court it is permitted to kiss one's uncle!"

The door of Mistress Douglas's best parlour was suddenly opened. Without were my Lord Galloway, Lord Lieutenant of the County, with Ensign Henry Pelham, of His Majesty's Fifth Dragoons, and between them, a prisoner, stood Adam Charles Francis Home, eighth Lord Kilpatrick.

This is what these three saw.

Henry Pelham, Lord Justice and Prime Minister of the Realm, was bending from the heights of an austere dignity to lay on the smiling lips of beauty a chaste salute—nay, as it seemed to repeat one that had already been offered upon the same altar.

"Ha!" cried my Lord of Galloway; "ha, Pelham, fairly landed this time, Pelham, my boy!"

"Uncle!" said Ensign Harry Pelham, aghast.

"Bell!" cried Adam Home, yet more aghast.

"Gad, Pelham, I must have a Garter at least for holding my tongue about this. It is too good to keep from the coffee-houses! Horace will crack fifty jests on this!" laughed jovial Galloway.

"I did not know that the old fellow went in for this!" murmured his nephew, who had been lectured about his behaviour at the last Assembly Ball.

Adam Home said nothing more, but kept his eyes on Bell, who stood with her hands clasped demurely about his uncle's arm, looking down and blushing becomingly, yet with a pretty air of proprietorship very clearly marked indeed.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Pelham, at last recovering himself, "you mistake. You do not know this very remarkable young lady. Not even you, Adam, you rascal, can lay claim to knowing her. This is—what is your first name again, my dear?—This is my niece, the Lady Bell, eighth Viscountess Kilpatrick. And if any man of you has a word to say to it, or any quarrel with the innocent kinsman privilege of which you have been witness, damme, let him step out into Mistress Douglas's inn-yard, where Harry Pelham's sword is very much at his service!"

And the old gentleman stood patting the little hand of his companion, all the while frowning and browbeating his three interrupters, throwing out his chest and nodding with his head till his bushy eyebrows became as threatening as those of Majesty itself.

"And now, Adam, you dog, come here!" he cried, "this is the young lady who saved not only your life but your lands. One was forfeit to the King's laws, the other to my breeches' pocket. I have given both into this young lady's hand. You must beg them from her. You do not deserve either. You have behaved abominably to the best of uncles, sir, and to the most paternal of Sovereigns. But we will say nothing more about that, if—ahem—if you gentlemen will give me your word of honour to say nothing about the—ah—little ceremony it was your good fortune to witness. Galloway will not, I warrant. I know a thing or two too many about him. Harry, by the Lord I'll break you if you peach. And as for you, Adam

Home, you will have job enough on your hands to keep this young lady out of mischief!"

"Mischief!" said Bell, innocently, lifting her eyes for the first time from the floor.

"Yes, madam, mischief!" frowned Mr. Pelham; "I repeat it—mischief. Making a fool of men who ought to know better, men more than thrice your age! Adam, your rebelling days are over, my lad. Willy-nilly you must join the Government. I hear that you are to be married on Thursday! Well, all I can say is—*God help you!*"

"Adam!" said Bell, three days after, when all was over, "What a blessing it was not your aunt I had to deal with in the inn-parlour at Cairn Edward! In that case you would have been hanged instead of wed!"

THE END

Victims of the War

CAPTAIN THE HON. R. H. L. J. DE MONTMORENCY, V.C., has been killed in the fighting with General Gatacre's force near Dordrecht. He was one of the most brilliant and promising officers of the 21st Lancers. At the baptism of fire of this regiment he won the Victoria Cross in circumstances which are too fresh in the public memory to require repeating. His services during the present campaign have again and again brought him into prominence,



THE LATE LIEUT. E. PERCEVAL
Killed at Paardeberg



THE LATE LIEUT. G. E. COURtenay
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE MAJOR F. R. MACMULLEN
Died of wounds received at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. C. PARR
Killed during the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE LT. V. F. A. KEITH FALCONER
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUT. A. R. BRIGHT
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. E. HESKETH
Killed in operations near Kimberley



THE LATE CAPTAIN THE HON. R. H. L. J. DE MONTMORENCY, V.C.
Killed near Dordrecht



Killed at Paardeberg



Killed during the advance on Ladysmith

and his loss will be severely felt. The eldest son of Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, K.C.B., and Rachel, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir John Michel, G.C.B., he was born at Montreal on February 5, 1867. After being educated at Marlborough and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Lieutenant Montmorency entered the Lincolnshire Regiment on September 14, 1887; a month later transferred to the 21st Hussars, which subsequently became the 21st Lancers. He became a captain on August 2 of last year.

Lieutenant E. Perceval, who was killed at Paardeberg, was in his twenty-fourth year, and joined the King's Royal Rifles on March 16, 1895. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Lieutenant George Edward Courtenay, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, killed near Paardeberg, was nearly twenty-five years of age. He entered the Army on February 25, 1895. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Major Francis Richard Macmullen, of the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment, whose death is announced as having taken place at Rensburg from wounds, was forty-four years of age, having been born on May 12, 1855. He entered the 62nd Foot (now the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment) from the Militia on August 15, 1877, served in the Egyptian War of 1882, was employed with the Army Pay Department from October, 1884, to October, 1888, and from January, 1895, to December, 1897, was adjutant of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment, at Beverley. He was gazetted a major on January 1, 1898. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Second Lieutenant John Clements Parr, of the 2nd Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, entered the Army in February, 1899. Our portrait is by Wheeler, Weymouth.

Lieutenant Victor Francis Alexander Keith-Falconer, of the 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, killed in the advance on Ladysmith, was the youngest son of the late Major the Hon. Charles James Keith-Falconer, a brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Edward Keith-Falconer, who was killed at Belmont, Orange River, on November 10 last, and a grandson of the seventh Earl of Kintore. He was in the thirty-first year of his age, and had seen nearly ten years' service. Our portrait is by T. Winter, Murree.

Lieutenant Ashley Rowland Bright, of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, was born on November 3, 1872. He entered the Army from the Militia, as a second lieutenant in his regiment, on December 12, 1894, and obtained his lieutenancy in November, 1897. Our portrait is by the Clifton Photography Company, Clifton.

Lieutenant Algernon Ernest Hesketh, of the 16th Lancers, who was killed at Kimberley, was born on November 12, 1874, and entered the Army on February 20, 1895, obtaining his lieutenant's commission on January 28, 1899.

Lieutenant J. T. Grieve, killed at Paardeberg, was an officer of the New South Wales Forces attached to the Royal Highlanders. Our portrait is by Herbot, Oxford Street.

of Sir Henry Hanson Berney, ninth baronet. Our portrait is by J. T. Cumming, Aldershot.

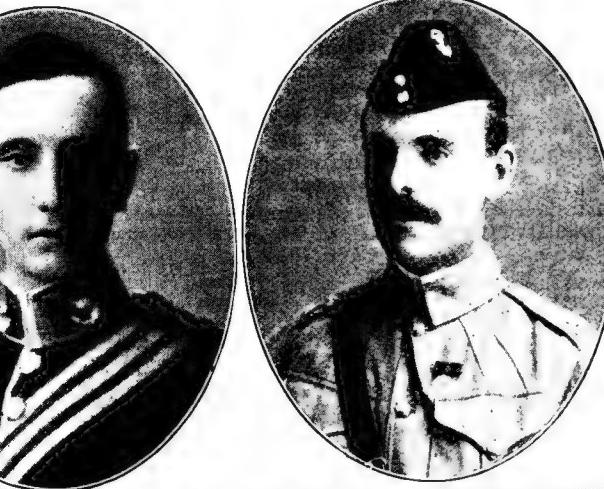
Second Lieutenant Vere Annesley Ball-Acton, of the 1st Battalion the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, was killed in the fighting near Paardeberg. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Hugh Maxwell Blair, of the 2nd Battalion the Seaforth Highlanders, was killed in the recent fighting near Koedoesberg, on the Modder River. He joined his regiment in 1891, and obtained his captaincy in 1899. Captain Blair served in the Chitral Relief Force under Sir Robert Low in 1895. Our portrait is by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Second Lieutenant the Hon. William McClintock-Bunbury, of the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), died of wounds received during the recent operations for the relief of Kimberley. He joined the Scots Greys in January of last year. He was the elder son of Thomas, second Baron Rathdonnel, a representative Irish Peer. Our portrait is by Crooke, Edinburgh.

Captain Bertram Archdale Newbury, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, killed near Paardeberg, was thirty-five years of age, having been born on February 16, 1865. He served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, with the 2nd Battalion of the regiment. Our portrait is by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Lieutenant Edward Goddard Carbutt, of the Royal Horse



THE LATE LIEUT. EDWARD GODDARD CARBUTT
Killed during the advance on Ladysmith

Lieutenant the Hon. Reginald Cathcart, of the 4th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, killed during the advance on Ladysmith, was the fourth son of the third (the present) Earl Cathcart. He was born on Lord Mayor's Day, 1870, was educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps on November 25, 1891. Our portrait is by G. West and Son, Gosport.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Aldworth, D.S.O., of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was killed at Paardeberg. He served with the Burmese Expedition in 1885-6. In 1886-7 he was Aide-de-Camp to General Gordon in Burmah. He then returned home to study Russian, and passed the examination for interpreter. In 1895 Lieutenant-Colonel Aldworth served with the Chitral Relief force under Sir Robert Low. He held the medal and clasp for that campaign. In 1893-4 he passed through the North-West Frontier of Egypt under Sir William Lockhart with the Tirah Expeditionary Force. Lieutenant-Colonel Aldworth was the eldest surviving son of the late Colonel Robert Aldworth, of Claremont, Dorking. Our portrait is by Walter Shaw, Camberley.

Captain Thomas Hugh Berney, killed during General Buller's operations between February 15 and 18, was born on October 17, 1866, and entered the West York Regiment from the Militia on May 4, 1887, obtaining his lieutenancy in May, 1889, and his captaincy in September, 1894. He took part in the Ashanti Expedition in 1895-6, for which he had the star. He was the eldest son in 1895-6, for which he had the star.

Artillery, who has been killed at Kimberley, was born on September 8, 1871, obtained his commission on July 24, 1891, and his lieutenancy on July 24, 1894. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Lieutenant Frederick John Siordet, of the 1st Battalion the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment), was killed in the recent fighting at Paardeberg. He joined his regiment in 1891. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Captain Edgar Penrose Wardlaw, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, killed near Paardeberg, was thirty-five years of age, and had seen twelve years' service. He was born on November 23, 1866, and entered the Army from the Militia as a second lieutenant on November 16, 1887. Our portrait is by Werner and Son, Dublin.

Lieutenant Rudall, of the Imperial Light Infantry, was killed at Spion Kop. Our portrait is by Duffus, Johannesburg.

Our portrait of Professor Piazzi Smyth is by C. Watson, Ripon, that of Colonel Sinclair by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly, and that of Dr. Friel by G. D. Croker, Waterford.

Our portraits of officers of the Imperial Yeomanry are by the following photographers:—Lieutenant-Colonel H. Graham, by Lafayette, Dublin; Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. L. Howard, by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner; Major the Earl of Essex, by F. Downer, Watford; Captain Lord Alwyne C. Minton, by J. Edwards, Hyde Park; Captain Sir Elliott Lees, M.P., by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.; Captain S. L. Parry, by Lafayette, London; Captain Arnold Butler and Captain de Winton, by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

Our Special Artist, writing of his voyage to the Cape, said that for a few days officers used to practise revolver shooting by firing at a bottle flung overboard. This amusement was thought to be too dangerous and alarming to other passengers, and the practice was stopped



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"Never let the men be idle," is an axiom with a good officer. Troops for the front waiting for orders to advance need to be kept in good condition, and are encouraged to take part in sports of all kinds. At a gymkhana, held at Maitland Camp, one of the most successful competitions was a tug of war on horseback, which proved a splendid test of horsemanship.

A TUG OF WAR ON HORSEBACK : SPORTS IN MAITLAND CAMP

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. COOK

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

A South African Sedan

"NOT having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty." That was what Napoleon, the man of destiny, wrote to King William of Prussia on the afternoon of the battle of Sedan; and that must also have been pretty much the sense of what Cronje, the man of doggedness, penned to Lord Roberts at the dawn of the day which was the ninth day of his field siege at Koodoosrand and the hundred and thirty-ninth day of the Boer war—a day, too, which happened to be the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba! It was said at the time that Majuba had been reversed at Talana Hill and Elands Laagte; but at Koodoosrand it was more than reversed; it was positively wiped out from our memories, even as the catastrophe of Jena—to compare great things with small—was effaced, or at least avenged, by the capitulation of Sedan. We, too, have had our little Sedans in South Africa during the present war—at Nicholson's Neck, Colesberg, and elsewhere; but the tide of war has now turned in our favour with a rush, and for the 2,800 odd British troops which are in captivity at Pretoria we have now more than 5,000 Boer prisoners as a solid set-off to this bill of military disaster. Of those prisoners 4,000 alone came to us by the capitulation of Koodoosrand—a capitulation which is not to be compared in point of personal magnitude to those of Sedan, Plevna, Metz, Appomattox, Ulm, and Yorktown, but which is nevertheless likely to exercise an influence relatively as great on the further course of the present war. And it was well worth the cost in life and limb which we have had to pay for it, much as that price was deprecated by some too censorious critics at the time—that is to say, when Kelly-Kenny with his 6th Division, and Hector Macdonald with his Highland Brigade, on Sunday week last, flung themselves like indefeasible bulldogs on the heels of Cronje's retreating column, cooped it up in the bed of the Modder and held it fast as in an iron vice. Not for nothing did the Highlanders make their forced march from the Modder River, with the rapidity of the clans keeping up with Prince Charlie's cavalry, who marched to Derby, and fling themselves first upon the flying foe.

The Enclosing of Cronje

Burning to avenge the massacre of their kilted comrades at Magersfontein, the Highlanders, to quote the *Standard* correspondent, "advanced in their General's new formation—that is to say, in Indian file—and then formed front, with the Argyll and Sutherlands on the right, the Seaforths in the centre, and the Black Watch on the left. The whole brigade was on the south bank, but the movement was, in reality, led by the Argyll and Sutherlands." As Hector Macdonald had saved the day at Omdurman, so also he may thus be said to have inaugurated victory at Koodoosrand, though he himself, alas! was wounded early in the day when "moving about and giving orders under a hail of shot," and was thus denied the satisfaction of witnessing the final avenging of Majuba, where he himself had been taken prisoner. On the north bank of the river a diversion was simultaneously made by the Canadians, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Gordons and the Shropshires, while the cincturing of the Boers on the south-east of the river was performed by the gallant troops of Kelly-Kenny, and on the north-east by those of General French, who had also made a forced march from the Kimberley parts. As Colonel Paterson, of the Queensland contingent, had been the first man of the relief column to enter Kimberley, so the Canadians made a desperate attempt to be the first in Cronje's laager, which they essayed to storm and finish off the business there and then, though they were repulsed with heavy loss. Yet the blood which they shed had not been spilt in vain, seeing that, according to responsive utterances from Toronto and Quebec, in reply to congratulations from the Mother Country, it may be said to have served as ink for the signature of an informal treaty of Imperial federation which has now, by community of arms, become an accomplished fact—and conventions of that kind are things that are only based on blood and iron facts.

The Lion at Bay

No more flagrant instance of the utter mendacity and perversity of the Boer telegrams from Pretoria could be quoted than the case of the official bulletins which described Cronje as having repulsed all the assaults of the British, "though every time they renewed the attack on us;" as having cut his way through the investing lines, with a portion of his force at least, and as having his communications still open when he was cooped up in a death-trap formed by the bed of a river two miles long, 150 feet wide, and fifty deep, hemmed in by at least four brigades of British infantry, and subjected to the terrific fire of at least fifty guns. No wonder that, on the day after his enclosure off to the eastward with the ubiquitous French in his company, ready and able to brush away any reinforcements that might daringly essay to make us raise our field investment and place Lord Roberts in the position of Caesar with his double lines at Alesia. But in trying to do this, the Boers of Botha laboured under the tremendous disadvantage of having to take the offensive, of having to come out into the open, instead of sheltering themselves behind the natural ramparts of the ground, as they had been doing in Natal and elsewhere. Thus, for the first time almost in the war, we were able to turn the tactical tables on the Boers, with the result that they were easily fended off with heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and that we could apply ourselves with all the more leisurely diligence to the reduction of Cronje and his environed men. In his big book on war, which he literally heaved at the heads of all the members of the Peace Conference at The Hague, M. Bloch writes, that field-sieges will form a prominent feature in the warfare of the future; and this is one of the few propositions where M. Bloch is right.

A White Flag

In curtly declining the chivalrous offer of Lord Roberts to give a free pass anywhere to the women and children in the Boer camp who were exposed to all the perils of a terrible bombardment, Cronje acted not with a corresponding humanity, and, indeed, exposed himself to the charge of seeking to shield himself behind a parapet of petticoats. It is possible also that his dogged refusal to surrender, and thus obviate the unnecessary slaughter of his people, may have been to some extent based on a personal fear for the safety of his own "thrapple," or throat, should he fall into the

would and then that he wouldn't (surrender), declaring—like General Ducrot when the latter left to head the great sortie at Champigny—that he would die rather than yield, a declaration which caused an immense shout of jubilation to arise from the boulevards of Paris, where the Boer General was compared to Leonidas and other ancient heroes. But, truth to tell, he did, as a matter of fact, comport himself in most heroic fashion when his laager wagons were blazing and crackling about his ears from the *feu d'enter* of our artillery; when his men had to burrow like rabbits, or rather like badgers, in the sandy banks of the Modder River to escape the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah; and when the bed of this shell pelted river positively reeked with the green, poisonous vapour of our awfully destructive lyddite projectiles, like the coloured fumes that are generated upon a theatre stage as a sort of diaphanous shroud for Mephistopheles and Doctor Faustus when, at last, through a trap-door, they descend to hell. But there was no such trap-door, no such "emergency exit," for General Cronje and his doggedly brave men had no possible means of escape, no hope of relief, except perhaps from Commandant Botha or Delarey, who, like young Fortinbras, might have "sharked up a list o' lawless resolutees" from the Colesberg or the Ladysmith parts, and hurried to his assistance. But for these "resolutees," or rather "irresolutees," Lord Roberts was well prepared—Lord Roberts, who, leaving Kitchener, the sapper, to hold the ring-fence enclosing Cronje, and gradually contract it till it became a strait jacket, moved

hands of the British, who might wish to requite him for the treachery and truculence he himself had shown both at Potchefstroom and Doornkop. But when our captive balloon soared up into the clouds above his camp and indicated to our gunners down below the exact position of four ammunition wagons, which they were quick to explode with their shell fire; when disaffection began to spread among his despairing men and discord among his leaders; when there seemed to him to be no more hope of being relieved from without; when he found that Lord Roberts had brought up additional howitzers from De Aar which might serve the purpose of raining fire and brimstone on him as it from the clouds; and when, above all things, he perceived, to his alarm, that Kitchener, the scientific engineer, had begun to sap his way up to his entrenchments by regular process of zigzag and parallel, out of which the accursed "roineks" might start up at any moment and plunge in upon him with the bayonet—then it was that Cronje's heroic courage gave way—at a raw and cheerless hour of the morning, it is true, when, by the laws of human nature, courage is never at its highest—and that he hastened to hoist the white flag.

The Imperial Flag

To this catastrophic pass he had more immediately been brought by the threatening presence, at a point about fifty yards from his entrenchments, of a daring body of British troops, consisting of the Canadian regiment and some Royal Engineers, supported by the Dargai Gordons and the 2nd Shropshires, who, "in the dead watch and middle of the night," had made a dash forward and entrenched themselves within bayonet distance almost of the Boer camp. According to one account the stormers had actually got in among the Boers with the bayonet when they hoisted the white flag; but in any case there was some brief spell of fighting, and some thirty of the brave Canadians again sealed their devotion to the Empire with their blood. To them had been considerably accorded the honour of being the first to mount the imminent deadly breach, and of thus adding the last touch to the compulsive pressure which had been brought to bear on the stubborn Cronje. The news of their "gallant deed," as it was called by Lord Roberts, sent a thrill of Imperial pride throughout the whole British race, and was naturally received with the deepest enthusiasm in the Dominion itself, it being felt there as elsewhere under the Queen's flag that what blood joins together no man shall ever put asunder.

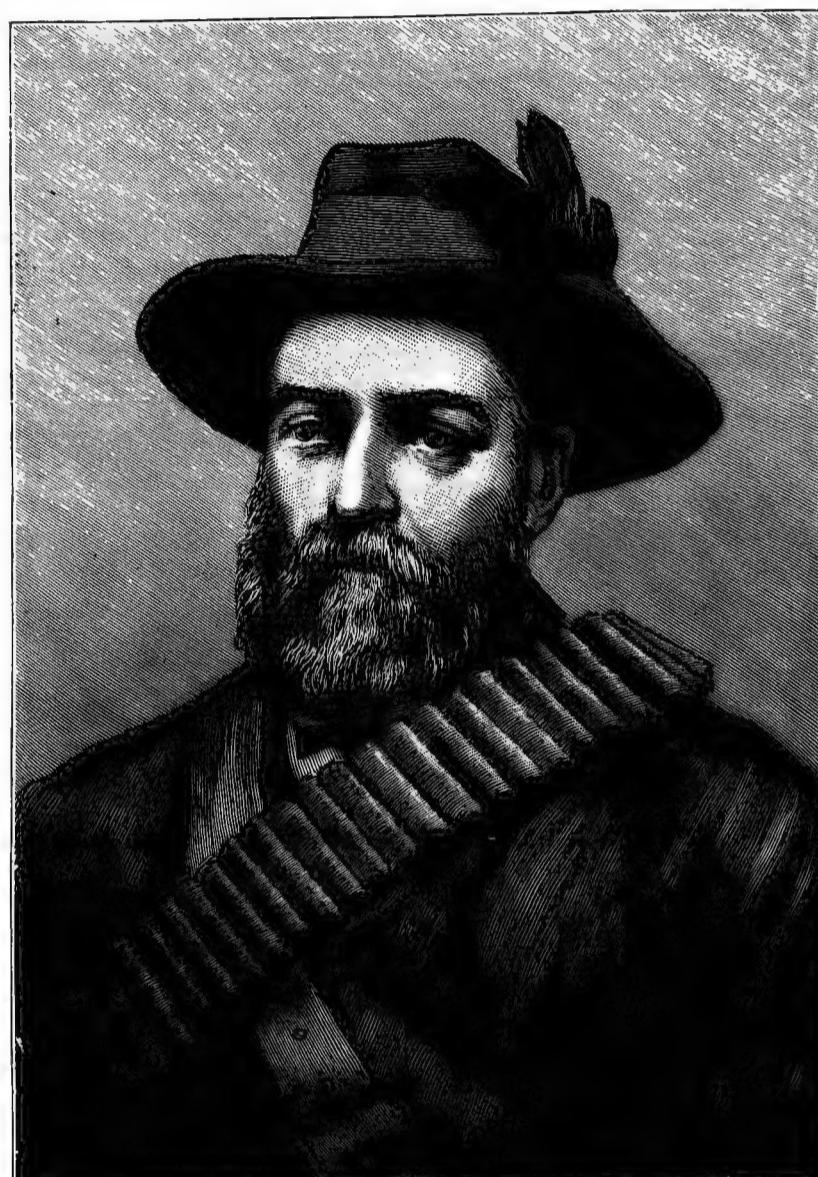
Daylight came—that daylight which was really and truly the dawn of a new era in the history of the Empire—and with it a letter from Cronje to Lord Roberts surrendering unconditionally. This missive was soon followed by the writer himself, and intensely interesting must have been the scene when the redoubtable Boer leader presented himself before his British vanquisher. We can well imagine the noble courtesy with which the hero of Kandahar returned the salute of the hero of Koodoosrand. As was said of Johnnie Armstrong, the Border raider, who had defied his sovereign, James, so long, when at last he was haled into the presence of his Gracious Majesty:

When Johnnie cam' before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see;
The King he moved his bonnet to him,
He ween'd he was a King as well as he.

To the Victors the Spoils

As for Cronje's men "sae brave to see," or at least so brave to fight, they numbered about 4,000 and forty-six officers of various grades, including Major Albrecht, the Prussian in command of the Free State Artillery, which had worked us such woe at Magersfontein and elsewhere. Of these 4,000 prisoners 2,850 were Transvaalers, the rest Free Staters, but we may assume that Cronje had lost at the very least 1,000 killed and wounded, so that, what with other prisoners taken by Lord Roberts from the time of his starting on his famous flank march, which thus ended so victoriously, he may claim to have disposed of 6,000 of the 10,000 Boers who had entrenched themselves at Magers-

fontein. What has become of the remainder of Cronje's army is not positively known, but probably it will be found to be posted somewhere north of Kimberley on the Vaal River. Equally uncertain is the whereabouts of the heavy guns which Cronje had mounted at Magersfontein, seeing that the booty captured by Lord Roberts at Koodoosrand only included four 9-pounder Krupps and a couple of Maxims; but this booty, apart from the train of a hundred wagons which we took during the first days of the pursuit, must have comprised a very large number of horses, which will prove exceedingly serviceable to us, munitions and stores. In fact, the army of General Cronje has now ceased to be a military entity, and Cronje is, or rather was, worth an army in himself. That, on surrendering to Lord Roberts, he begged for kind treatment at his hands, seemed to imply a fear that such treatment was scarcely to be expected—either from the inherent barbarity of the British character, or from the fact that his own previous conduct at Potchefstroom and elsewhere had disentitled him to the tribute of honour which the brave invariably pay to the brave. But he was quickly disillusioned by the ready assurance of Lord Roberts that all his requests would be complied with—that his wife, grandson, private secretary, adjutant, and servants would be allowed to accompany him wherever he was sent, and he has been sent to Cape Town in charge of Major-General Pretorius—an officer who would ensure that his prisoner should everywhere *en route* be treated with proper respect. All this was touching nobility of Lord Roberts—witness how his own words on this subject were cheered in the House of Commons—proving, what would require no proof, that, in addition to being a perfect soldier, "Little Bobbs," is also Spenser's ideal of a "very parfait, gentle knight—a Bayard



GENERAL CRONJE, THE BOER COMMANDER WHO HAS SURRENDERED TO LORD ROBERTS WITH 4,000 MEN

fascinating and astonishing to the Boer mind; a man who, unlike Mr. Cecil Rhodes, does not talk of the British flag as "the greatest commercial asset in the world."

How the military annihilation of Cronje's field force—at a cost of about 1,000 killed and wounded to ourselves—will influence the course of the war in other quarters remains to be seen; but it can scarcely fail at least to relieve the northern frontiers of our Cape Colony from the Boers who have hitherto been opposed to Gatacre, Clements, and Brabant. The last named, indeed, lost no time in following up the capitulation of Cronje by the occupation of Jamestown and the capture of a large number of horses, which are always far more useful to us than prisoners. It would have been too much to expect that Majuba Day should have been celebrated by us by the double event of the capture of Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith, but it was, at least, gratifying to find that on this day Buller, after very hard and costly, if confused, fighting, had been gradually lessening the distance between

Joubert handled the guns as a woman handles things on a bargain counter—in a mood to buy something, but with no very definite idea what she needs. As I left the room my friend remarked, "Don't waste your time with that old woman; if you want to see a real Boer look at that man there—that's Piet Cronje."

My friend had been second in command to Cronje at Krugersdorp, and his name is among the prisoners taken by Lord Roberts on Majuba Day. Both were from Potchefstroom, and so far as my friend was concerned, I would trust him as readily as any white man I know.

"Cronje," said he, "is the best soldier we have. Joubert is a mere stuffed figure—a political soldier. Kruger is afraid of Joubert because of his political possibilities, and so he keeps him contented by a big salary as Chief of the War Department. But when fighting is to be done we Boers look to Cronje."

So I looked, and I seemed to see a Boer Roberts, a short man, thick-set, with beady little eyes, a mouth like that of General

Grant, and an expression that invited no familiarity, the very opposite of Joubert. Cronje had been the leading man of the western end of the Transvaal for more than twenty years, but his influence had been always that of the soldier, not that of the politician. He may be cruel, but I doubt it. He may be "slim" (slimy, sly), or whatever that archaic word may carry with it to-day of derogatory significance, but the evidence on this subject is faulty. There were horrible tales current in America during the civil war—the Southerners charging all manner of crimes to Sherman and Sheridan, the Northerners accusing Lee and Stonewall Jackson of barbarism. All these charges blew away into vapour when the facts came to be known, and I am sure we shall have the same experience with Cronje's biography when the witnesses shall have been cross-examined.

It should be enough for us to know that his fellow farmers, humane and kindly people by nature, trust him as a neighbour and friend, and are amazed that English papers should paint him as a barbarian.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C.
From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C.
From a Photograph by Charles Knight, Aldershot

JOINING HANDS AT LADYSMITH



On the left is Major Montagu Cradock, late of the 6th Dragoon Guards, who went out to South Africa in charge of the contingent, and on the right is Lieutenant-Colonel Somerville, who was in command of the contingent's camp before it left. Our photograph is by Walter Burke, Christchurch, New Zealand

COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT

him and Sir George White's devoted garrison, and that its relief was only a question of a short time—the more as the catastrophe to Cronje had the effect of still further drawing away the Boers from Northern Natal for the defence of Bloemfontein and their homes in the Free State. Buller's storming of Pieter's Hill and turning of the Boer left on the 27th, after he had recrossed the Tugela with a portion of his force and found a new passage further down, was in itself a worthy enough celebration of Majuba Day and a happy omen of the approaching end.

Piet Cronje

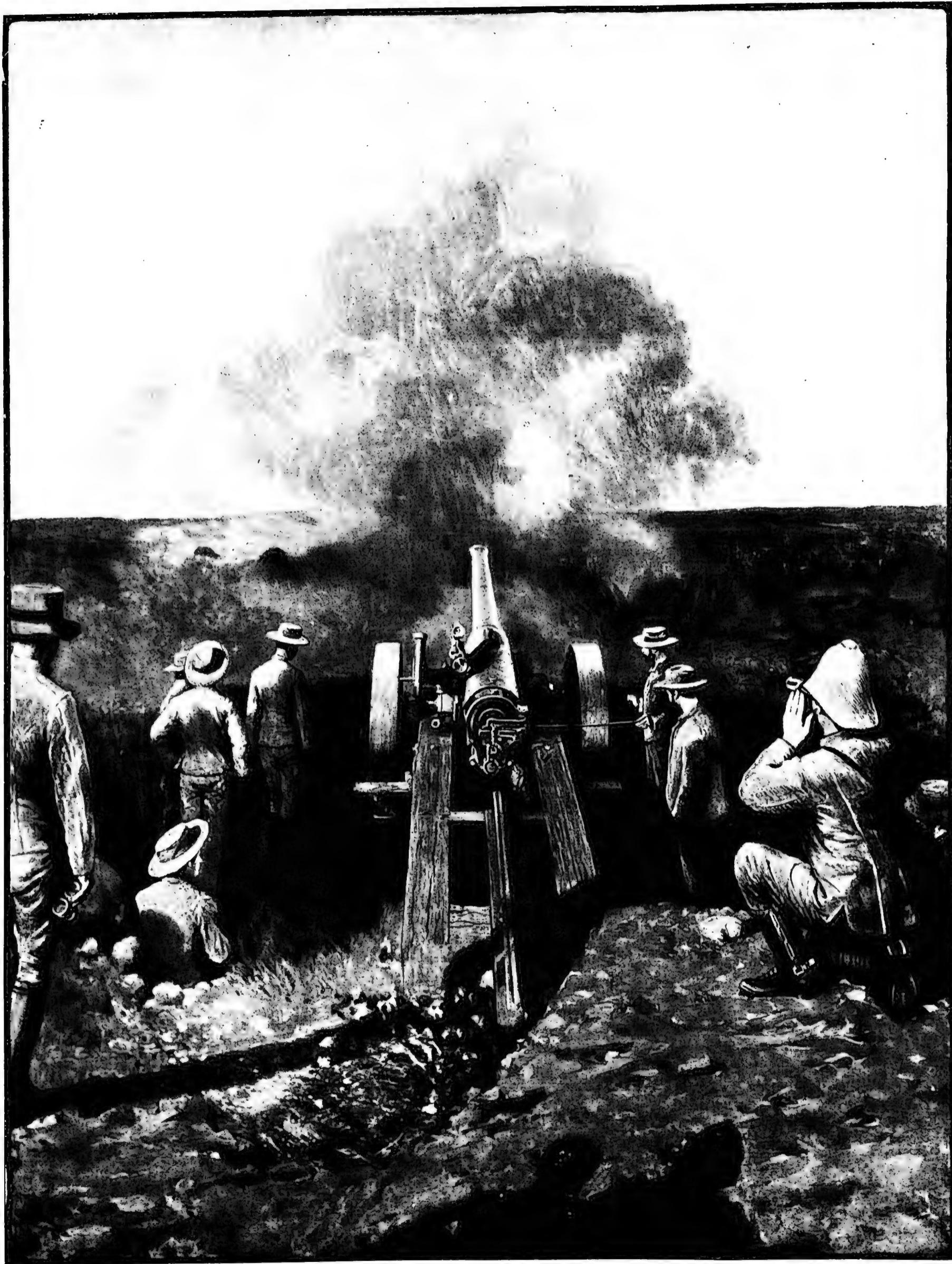
BY POULTNEY BIGELOW

ONE morning, shortly after the Jameson Raid, and while some fifty of the most respectable citizens of Johannesburg were locked up in the Pretoria Jail, I was taken to call upon General Joubert. He was very busy at that time, handling a large variety of military rifles, with a view to adopting some one as the standard weapon of the new Transvaal army. There were Martini-Henrys, Lee-Metfords, Mausers, Crag-Jorgeson's, and half a score more. Apparently the matter was one of recognised public interest, for his office was filled with friends who had dropped in from the sitting of the Volksraad, and who volunteered their advice on this matter much as though it was a question of selecting a fowling-piece for a day's shooting. The General paid me the compliment of asking my advice, and I naturally answered that it was not one on which I felt like expressing an opinion, especially in the presence of men with so much experience. Then he asked me what the United States had adopted, and I told him that we had recently adopted the Crag-Jorgeson, after a series of very complete tests.

Cronje, like Kruger, has grown up under the baneful influence of the great Trek, and has had no opportunity of learning anything about England save what is calculated to confirm his prejudices. His crime is ignorance, and now that he is the guest of England, I venture to think that he will profit by the liberal education he is about to receive, and will return to his people with a changed understanding regarding British aims and capacities.

Like Lord Roberts, Cronje is small, spare, and in the sixties—a matter of two or three years only separates them. My friend, the Boer who was his lieutenant in the Jameson fight, said to me *apropos* of that foolish enterprise:—"I don't know what sort of a man Jameson can be to start on such a raid and make such a mess of it, for he had every opportunity of keeping his movements secret and capturing Johannesburg. We at Potchefstroom heard of it after his column had already left Mafeking, and Cronje was in the saddle to head him off within a few hours of the news arriving. We had a much harder ride than Jameson, for we had no relays of horses as he had, and our cattle were out in the fields and we had to go after them first, and then Cronje had to guess at about what point he might await the Jameson column. Remember, too, that Jameson was supposed to have started with one thousand men, and we, who were only a few hundred, did not know where we should meet with reinforcements. But such was our faith in Cronje that we asked no questions, but filled our saddle-bags with bread and cartridges and profited by the stupidity of the enemy!"

This Boer war, like the American Civil War, was largely induced by ignorance on both sides. There is consolation, however, in the thought that now, at last, the Boers will, for all time, abandon every dream of separation or secession, and frankly cast in their fortunes with the great body of moving and enterprising Anglo-Saxons, who are obviously the only people capable of making of Africa a "white man's" country. In this hope English public sentiment has the cordial support of Anglo-Saxons beyond the Atlantic.

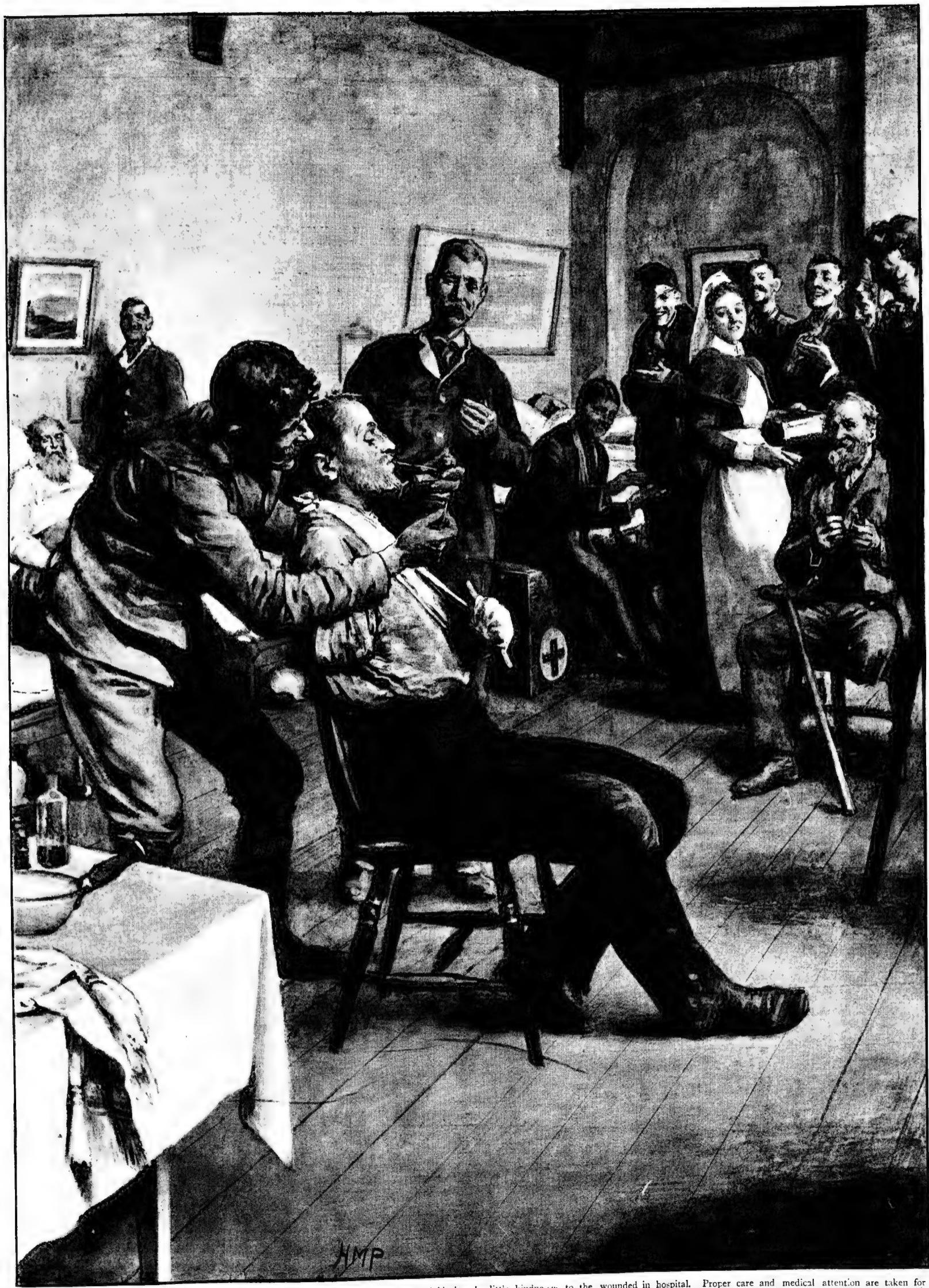


The Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen has done splendid service, and has suffered severely. One of their guns—a 4·7-inch, nicknamed "Joe Chamberlain"—is here shown firing a Lyddite shell at the kopjes at Magersfontein. Lieutenant Campbell (standing on the left edge of the gun) was in charge of the gun. His

brother, in the 1st Gordons, fell, it will be remembered, in the battle of Magersfontein. The gun is in a pit dug in the open veldt without any embrasure, and an idea may be formed of the length of range at which it is firing by the line of kopjes which mark the horizon of the picture.

A SHOT FROM "JOE CHAMBERLAIN": FIRING THE NAVAL 4·7-INCH GUN AT MODDER RIVER

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, R. Ingold Thiele



If we take courage for granted, as we do with our troops, then there is nothing so commendable in war as humanity to the wounded, and from all accounts Briton and Boer have both done their duty in this respect. It is curious to see how men who have been fighting hard against each other fraternise when they lie alongside in the hospital. Our men seem to have astonished the Boers by doing many

little kindnesses to the wounded in hospital. Proper care and medical attention are taken for granted, but little acts of courtesy by individual soldiers, themselves wounded, have called forth expressions of surprise and gratitude from the Boers. Our illustration is a case in point. It tells its own story.

FOES IN THE FIELD BECOME FRIENDS IN HOSPITAL

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



DR. A. R. FRIEL
Surgeon with the Iveagh Hospital



THE LATE PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH
Late Astronomer Royal of Scotland



LIEUT.-COLONEL HUGH SINCLAIR, R.E.
On Lord Roberts's Staff for Special Service



LIEUT.-COLONEL D. M. LUMSDEN
Commanding Anglo-Indian Volunteers
for South Africa

Our Portraits

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL D. M. LUMSDEN went to India in 1874 as a tea planter, and found his way to Assam, where he carried on planting for many years. He received his captaincy in the Assam Valley Mounted Infantry about the year 1886, and proved himself to be an ardent and keen Volunteer, taking the greatest interest in everything that appertained to volunteering generally. His hobby was big game shooting, and the wild regions of the district where he resided gave him a fair opportunity of making his mark with the gun. He worked himself up the ladder in the corps to which he was attached, and left behind him when he retired a name which is now household word not only in Assam, but in the Bengal Presidency. The Anglo-Indian force of Volunteers—Lumsden's Horse—which he commands will be mounted chiefly on Katiawari ponies, from 13·3 to 14 hands high—wiry little animals, thoroughly at home in the roughest country. Of the men of the corps, a large proportion are planters. The Behar Light Horse has sent a half-company of

fifty men, and many of the Volunteers of Assam and Cachar are following Lieutenant-Colonel Eden Showers, of the Surma Valley Light Horse, who is second in command. The corps has had a fortnight's training on the Maidan, at Calcutta, and Lord Curzon delivered a farewell speech to the men on the eve of their departure last week. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

Dr. Alfred R. Friel, M.A., M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, has gone to South Africa as one of the three chief surgeons of Lord Iveagh's Irish Hospital. Dr. Friel, although a young man, occupies a high position in Waterford, where he has abandoned a large practice in order to go to the war. As an instance of the esteem in which he is held it may be mentioned that when surgeons were required for the Waterford Infirmary he was unanimously elected by the Governors, a body of forty of the principal citizens. Our portrait is by Croker, Waterford.

Mr. Charles Piazzi Smyth, for forty-three years Astronomer Royal for Scotland, was in his eighty-first year. He was the second son of the late Admiral Smyth, and commenced his career in the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope in 1835. Ten years later he became Astronomer Royal for Scotland, and held that post until August, 1883, when he retired. Mr. Smyth, who had travelled all over the world in the course of his astronomical studies, took for some years an absorbing interest in the Great Pyramids, and his work on the subject caused a great deal of controversy. He was an uncle of Colonel Baden-Powell, the gallant defender of Mafeking.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Sinclair, R.E., who has been appointed to Lord Roberts's Staff for special service, is a son of Archdeacon Sinclair. He passed the Staff College, served with the Expedition to Ashanti, under Sir Francis Scott, in 1895, as Commanding Royal Engineer, and was mentioned in despatches, receiving the Star.



DRAWN BY FRED WHITING

"Rimington's Tigers" have done good service in the Cape Colony throughout the war. The corps was raised by Major Rimington at the outbreak of hostilities, and its duties are to act as guides and interpreters to the Imperial troops, with whom they work. The members are carefully selected among Colonials, who are specially qualified for this important work, and the good results of the care that has been taken in forming the corps have been constantly shown during the campaign. The proper style and title of the corps is "The Imperial Corps of Guides," and as they wear a band of tiger-cat fur round their broad-brimmed felt hats, they have been given the nickname "Rimington's Tigers." They accompanied Lord Methuen's

advance from Orange River to the Modder, and were found of great service for scouting and reconnoitring work, giving also a proof of their fighting powers in all the battles. The "Tigers" were well to the front at Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River. A detachment of them is shown in our illustration engaged in a visit to a farm, which, like many others, was under suspicion. These nests of traitors to the Empire lie broadcast in the northern parts of the Cape Colony, and a visit from Rimington's Guides has, no doubt, many a time had a wholesome influence upon the disloyal farmers who have been hunting with the hounds and running with the hare.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THILIE

ON THE TRACK OF TRAITORS: A VISIT TO A SUSPECTED FARM NEAR THE MODDER RIVER

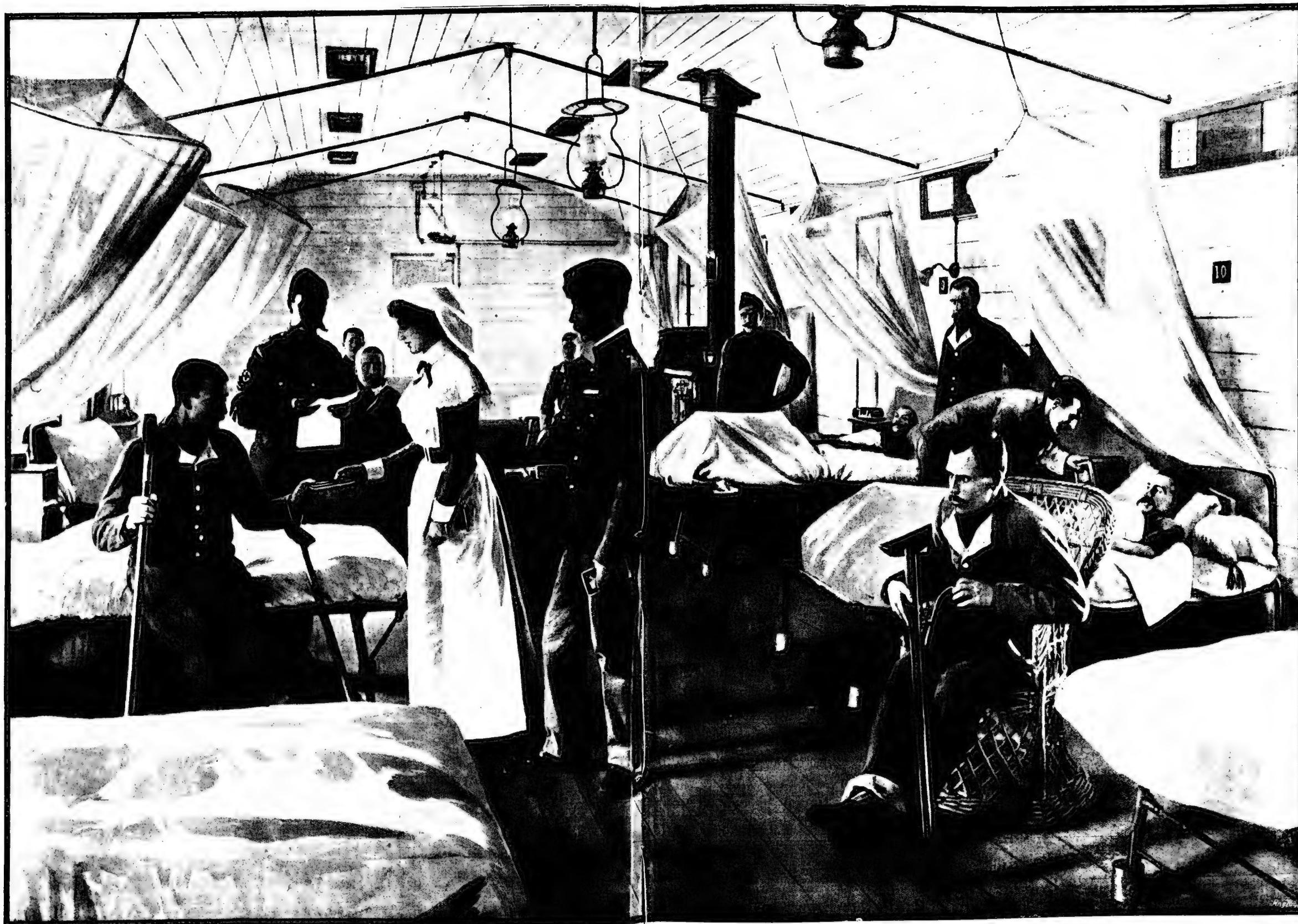


DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP

"All well" is the cheery message that has come again and again from Mafeking; but in spite of this praiseworthy cheerfulness in the midst of danger, the plucky garrison has had a trying time. Daily bombardments have kept our men constantly busy. Lately trenches have been pushed out towards the enemy's big gun battery, crusing it to be evacuated. The utmost vigilance is necessary to keep off attacks.

READY FOR ANOTHER DAY'S FIGHTING: DAWN IN THE TRENCHES AT MAFEKING

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER



The Queen's present of a ton of chocolate to each man serving in South Africa has been悉心地分发给士兵们。

have been sold at a high price. Nowhere did the Queen's present give greater pleasure than in Wynberg Hospital. Any such attention to men lying wounded in bed must be gratefully received by friends and relatives, and in others they

brought compliments to the Staff from Sir William MacCormac. Several invalids have been despatched home, but the climate has been found to be so remarkable for its healing properties that it is considered more desirable to keep the sick and wounded at

Wynberg than to send them to England.

THE QUEEN'S NEW YEAR PRESENT TO HER SOLDIERS IN SOUTH AFRICA: DISTRIBUTING THE CHOCOLATE IN THE HOSPITAL AT WYNBERG

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE



THE PEAK FROM THE SOUTH-WEST



VIEW UP THE LEWIS GLACIER

MR. MACKINDERR'S ASCENT OF MOUNT KENYA

From Copyright Photographs by C. R. Haushurg



ALPINE VEGETATION



THE TYNDALL GLACIER

MOUNTAINEERING IN CENTRAL AFRICA:

The first Ascent of Mount Kenya in East Africa

FIFTY years ago the missionaries Rebmann and Krapf, stationed near Mombasa by the Church Missionary Society, reported the existence of two snow-capped mountains, Kilimanjaro and Kenya, at a distance of two and three hundred miles respectively from the East Coast of Equatorial Africa. Kenya, which is crossed by the equator, was seen by Krapf from a distance of fully ninety miles, and the improbability of the discovery led many geographers to doubt the reality of its existence. It was not until 1883 that the celebrated traveller, Joseph Thomson, while journeying through Masailand, again obtained sight of the peak, and set doubt at rest. Meanwhile, the more accessible Kilimanjaro was visited by more than a hundred Europeans, and was climbed to its summit in 1889 by Dr. Hans Meyer. Kenya was ascended to a height of more than 13,000 feet, by Count



GIANT LOBELIAS ON MOUNT KENYA
From a Copyright Photograph by C. B. Hausburg

Teleki, in 1887, and in 1893 by Dr. Gregory to more than 15,000 feet. Both of these travellers, however, made their attempt on the south-western quadrant of the mountain, the other aspects of which remained unknown, except from a great distance. It was clear, however, that the two mountains differed markedly in character. Both are isolated volcanic cones, rising upon wide bases high above the African plateau, Kilimanjaro to an elevation of more than 19,000 feet, Kenya to more than 17,000 feet. Originally, they were probably of equal elevation, but whereas Kilimanjaro still retains intact the crater of its chief summit, Kibo, and presents from the plains at its foot the aspect of a white dome,

the older Kenya has suffered long decay, with the result that its crater top has been wholly removed, and its summit is now a precipitous pyramid, rising 2,000 feet above the remainder of the mountain. This pyramid is streaked with glaciers, so that the Masai speak of it as Donyo Geri, the "striped mountain," while they call Kilimanjaro Donyo Ebor, the "white mountain." The peak of Kenya is probably the hard core formed by the solidification of the plug of lava which filled the throat of the volcano when it became extinct, the column of rock so shaped being subsequently laid bare and exposed to the weather by the removal of the looser material of the crater walls.

The completion of the Uganda Railway as far as the Kikuyu Escarpment in the summer of last year induced Mr. H. J. Mackinder, the Reader in Geography at Oxford, to organise an expedition with a view to more completely exploring and, if possible, ascending to the summit of Mount Kenya. His chief colleague was Mr. C. B. Hausburg, who shared with Mr. Mackinder the cost of the expedition, and there went with them Mr. Saunders, a natural history collector, Mr. Camburn, a taxidermist, Cesar Ollier, an Alpine guide from Courmayeur, and Joseph Brocherel, a porter from the same village. The expedition, numbering in all 170, commenced its march from Nairobi, near railhead, on July 26, and after traversing the treeless Kapoti Plains, the fertile valleys of Meranga, set with maize and bananas, and the elephant forests of Kikuyu arrived at the foot of the mountain on August 15. The extraordinary drought which has prevailed throughout Eastern Africa during the last year or two was then at its height, and although there was rain and abundance of food in Meranga, Mr. Mackinder found the greatest difficulty in feeding his caravan on the tableland of Laikipia, where the base camp was established from which the ascent of the mountain was undertaken. A path was cut through the zone of forests which encircles the lower slopes, and camps were established at elevations of ten and fourteen thousand feet. Three successive attempts were made upon the peak before the right road to the summit was found, and upon one of these Mr. Mackinder and the two guides spent twelve hours of a tropical night tied to the rocks on the crest of an arete. It was on September 13 that the successful attempt was made, the chief difficulties being the rotten character of the rock and the intense hardness of the ice, which made step-cutting very laborious. Two high-level journeys were undertaken round the peak immediately below the level of the glaciers, the one by Mr. Hausburg, with the object of taking photographs, the other by Mr. Mackinder, for the purpose of survey. The Alpine flora differed markedly from that familiar in the European Alps, but resembled that of Kilimanjaro. It consisted of heaths, tussock grasses, mosses and everlasting, together with two species of giant lobelia, and two of giant groundsel. The ground under the shelter of this vegetation swarmed with thousands of rats, the prey of leopards and of a new species of owl. The most remarkable incident which occurred to the party during its sojourn above the level of the forest was a great fire of grass and groundsel, which devastated the whole shoulder of the mountain, and was seen at a distance of eighty miles.

The return was across the Laikipian Plateau and over the Sattima Range, crossed for the first time by Mr. Saunders, one of the members of this expedition. Mr. Mackinder left the caravan when a march away from Naivasha, which station was reached on September 29, and he arrived in London on October 30. The results of the expedition, in addition to the ascent of Kenya, are route surveys over 150 miles of new ground, a map of the upper portions of Kenya, collections of animals and plants, which have been added to the British Museum, and a series of photographs, taken for the most part by Mr. Hausburg, some of them by the Ives colour process.

M. Renouard and the Dreyfus Trials

MONSIEUR RENOARD is one of those happy artists—alas! how few—who command the admiration alike of the most eclectic critics and the most unthinking public. Ever since M. Renouard, somewhat late in life—like Père Corot himself—threw himself into art, he has shown a power of draughtsmanship which fascinates every beholder. It is not that he tries to be "pretty"; on the contrary, he cares little for elegance or obvious beauty. But as a draughtsman of character he is astonishing; and he can render the private feelings and inmost thoughts on the face of a man as truthfully as he can render the character of a building, of a coat, or a chair. The power is extraordinary and irresistible. It is this faculty that places M. Renouard above most draughtsmen of the day, in that he can visit any country and draw its inhabitants and its scenes with such intelligent perception that the natives themselves will accept his drawings as true. This is no small achievement. If the reader would see how completely a facile artist can fail in such a task, let him turn to Dore's "London," and say if he considers that Frenchman's crowds, which he has placed about our Thames, as Anglo-Saxon in any degree.

One of the most assiduous and most able attendants at the Zola trial and at the two Dreyfus trials—that at the High Court in Paris and that at Rennes—was M. Renouard. Like M. L'ermann-Paul he sketched every man in court, sketched them "with ability and a crayon" so remarkable that as we look at them again the whole of that dark and passionate drama, lit up now and then with a flash of humour, lives for us again with startling truth. M. Renouard has collected his drawings and has had them finely and luxuriously reproduced in lithography in absolute facsimile. The large collection does not contain a single weak design, not one drawing which is lacking in character or failing in artistic beauty. Indeed, three separate classes will contend for this portfolio—the Dreyfusard, the historian, and the connoisseur. Where all are so admirable it is impossible to select—groups are as good as figures, and scenes as striking as groups. As we close the case we feel that here, and here only, we have a complete pictorial representation of the whole tragedy; from these pages only—and from nowhere else—will future generations see and understand who and what were these actors in the dark drama; and from them only will they appreciate how men matched their acts, how the guilty were confounded with the innocent, and how clearly the world saw the truth, and with a single voice condemned the guilty and acquitted the innocent.



GIANT GROUNDSSEL ON MOUNT KENYA
From a Copyright Photograph by C. B. Hausburg

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

It should be remembered that the Duke of Westminster's bequest of Hogarth's "Calais Gate" to the National Gallery, now announced, was anticipated by direct gift five years ago. Hogarth's description of the picture is well known—how, in 1748, he was sketching the Gate, and was incontinently arrested (as Wilkie similarly was years afterwards)—how, to convince the police, he made caricatures of English roast beef and ill-fed Frenchmen, and how on his return to England he immediately began the painting. It was the Earl of Charlemont who bought it from the artist. In 1874 it was knocked down for 945*l.*, when it was incorrectly reported to have been acquired for the National collection. In May, 1891, the Bolckow collection was dispersed at Christie's, and Messrs. Agnew purchased it for 2,450 guineas. It passed into the collection of the Duke of Westminster, who presented it to the National Gallery in 1895. When the picture was engraved by Hogarth (under the title of "The Roast Beef of Old England") he omitted the starved crow, which he had painted on to the top of the cross, where a nail had run through and disfigured the picture. The Calais gate represented in the picture was pulled down so late as the year in which the Duke made his gift.

Not long since I gave expression in this column to the deep concern and resentment of the students of the Royal College of Art at being left so long without a headmaster and with so little teaching. A headmaster has now been appointed, but the principalship has, so to speak, been put into commission, Sir William Richmond, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. T. G. Jackson, and Mr. Walter Crane, being appointed.

If conflict proves vitality, the art world of Paris is very alive indeed. We have already heard of a schism in the New Salon, and now particulars have been forwarded to me of a "Société Nouvelle de Peintres et de Sculpteurs," of which M. Gabriel Mourey, the well-known art critic, is the President. Among the members Frenchmen exceed the foreigners but by a very few; and Americans and Englishmen figure in the list. A Society of twenty-two members, which includes the names of Alexander, Emile Claus, Walter Gay, Brangwyn, Gaston La Touche, Simon, Fritz Thaulow, Charpentier, and Constantin Meunier, will certainly impress itself upon the community.

Whilst London has been favoured with a Vandycy exhibition, Paris has been charmed with a collection of works by M. Alfred Stevens, the distinguished Belgian painter, to whom Time, it is said, has not been very kind. The exquisite and essentially modern sentiment in the art of M. Stevens is not very well known in England; perhaps it is a little too disdainful of prettiness to be merely popular. M. Stevens was a leader, a founder of a school of his day, and was a rebel against the conventional from the beginning. Years ago, when he was writing to me about his art, he said: "I never cared for anything but modernity, and the art of Baron Leys, which I could always admire, never touched me, for I considered its whole direction to be wrong. Still less could I find inspiration in Baron Wappers, whose work I never liked. It is true that at the age of fourteen I lived on the artistic advice of M. Novy, the pupil of David. But since I was seventeen I have resided in Paris, where I have struck out my own way, be it right or wrong. I much prefer, as you say, painting *jolies laides*, as they have, as a rule, much more character than those whom the public consider pretty. I would remind you that I am the senior of Whistler, whose talent I like and admire." In short, Alfred Stevens is, above all, original, as well as exquisite; and in due time his works, which are not many, will assuredly be collected here, and be eagerly contended for.

Commemorative War Medal



MEDALS in three sizes, two of silver and one of bronze gilt, have been struck by Messrs. Spink and Son, with the title "The Absent-Minded Beggar Medal." The sale of the medals will benefit the Kipling Poem War Fund, as a percentage of the price paid for them will be given to the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* for that purpose. The medal here illustrated is the large silver medal—reproduced the actual size. The price of the medal is 12s. 6d., of which 1s. will be given to the Kipling Poem War Fund.



REGISTERED
REVERSE

Through the Nineteenth Century—XIV.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, 1800-1900

By THE LATE H. D. TRAILL

THE immense increase in the numbers, the wealth, the activity, the informing power and the popular influence of our newspaper Press during the present century supplies a constant subject of jubilation to the enthusiastic many, and of deep interest, not unmixed with anxiety, to the philosophic few. The growing appetite of the public for the daily food with which these printed sheets supply them, and the correspondently increasing energy and skill with which this appetite is satisfied, might quite conceivably be, as the pessimists declare it to be, a morbid element in the national growth, yet, at the same time, it might be—as, indeed, it is, true—that the very presence of this sign affords the surest testimony to the healthy and vigorous vitality of a people in many other directions, including those which, by the common consent of pessimist and optimist, are lines of previous advance. Journalism, if it be only in part, or only doubtfully, a contributory to progress, is absolutely and undeniably its index.

DAILY JOURNALISM

No one, in fact, who compares our position at the beginning and at the end of the nineteenth century in every other department of national life and activity, has any right to be surprised at the progress, astonishing as in itself it might be, which has been achieved by our national journalism within the same period. Yet when we come to take account of the precise form which this advance has assumed we shall find, perhaps, some unexpected features. Though they have gained immensely in the size of their sheets, in the variety and interest of their contents, the "great newspapers" of the metropolis have not increased in mere numbers as much as might have been expected during the last hundred years. To-day, within less than a year from the close of the century, the principal morning newspapers of London, are eight in number—the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Daily Graphic*. At the beginning of the century they numbered five, for though the six last-mentioned papers were then non-existent, the places of three of them were filled by the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Daily Advertiser*, and the *Morning Herald*. Eight indeed would appear to be the maximum of first-class morning papers which the metropolis will support. No addition to it has at any rate been made for a good many years, though within quite a recent period the experiment of halfpenny morning papers has been tried with apparent success. These, however, belong essentially to a different class of newspaper enterprise. Nor is it difficult to account for the fact that serious competition of this description does not increase. It is in truth the vast development of the scope of the greater journalism which limits the number of the greater journals. The foundation of a new daily newspaper of the first class becomes every year a more and more costly enterprise. The keen rivalry among those already established—a rivalry which manifests itself in constant extension and improvement of their means of communication with the most distant sources of intelligence, and in a constantly increasing consequential outlay—has added and progressively adds to the amount of capital with which it would be necessary for any newcomer to enter the lists with them. Moreover, even where this capital might otherwise have been procurable, the temptation to invest it in lighter and cheaper but not less remunerative forms of journalistic undertaking is generally found irresistible. When, indeed, we consider that the capital required to take the field with any hope of success against journals like the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Standard* would amply suffice to float two or three new periodicals of the "snipetty" class, it is hardly to be wondered at that the number of the greater daily newspapers of London, and, indeed, of all the great centres of population, remains nearly stationary.

THE IMPROVEMENT IN QUALITY

It is, as I have said, in the quality of these prints and not in their number that we must seek signs of the marvellous advance in our national journalism which the century has witnessed. On its purely material side the difference between the newspaper of 1899 and that of 1801 leaps almost startlingly to the eye. The newspaper of 1801 was a small-sized, coarse and dingy sheet of four pages, printed in blunt and faded letterpress from type which, though it must at some time or other have been new, has the singular characteristic of appearing to have been always old. Its news was scanty and stale, its advertisements few and unimportant, its comment practically *nil*. The "leading article," as we understand it, had not come into being; the Parliamentary report, when there was any, was condensed into a string of jejune paragraphs; the drift of its politics was, as a rule, to be gathered, not from any editorial utterance, but solely from the opinions expressed in the one valuable portion of the paper, its correspondence columns. Art and literature went almost wholly unrepresented; theatrical criticism, with one or two notable exceptions, found no admission to its pages. Foreign correspondence there was none, and even for news of victories which will live for ever in our history the newspaper was for the

most part wholly dependent on intelligence from official sources. Even domestic events of the highest interest were dismissed with the briefest and baldest paragraphs. It has been remarked that had an International Exhibition been opened in 1800 with every circumstance of pomp and ceremony, the journals of the day would have contented themselves with reporting the fact without any attempt at depicting the scene. Public meetings of all descriptions passed by without any record. Law and police intelligence, except in very special and sensational cases, were entirely ignored. On the other hand, the newspapers of that, and, indeed, of a much later period, contrived to err as much by sins of commission as by those of omission. To balance their lack of news they filled their surplus space with paragraphs which,

to an organised industry; some sort of just proportion between its worthier and its less worthy contents began to establish itself. Still the advance which journalism had made by the beginning of the Victorian Era was not really very considerable. A comparison of a newspaper of the forties alternately with one of the first and with one of the last decade of the present century yields widely different, and in the former case much the less strikingly contrasted results. We may, indeed, date the great forward movement of the newspaper well within the latter half of the century, and fix the commencement of its most active stage of expansion at little more than thirty years from the present date. That at least was when the financial and economical conditions first began to favour a great development of the news-supplying

"business." Professionally, so to speak, journalism had, it is true, already taken a considerable step. The influential and patriotic part played by the *Times* in connection with the Crimean War, and the valuable though less conspicuous services rendered by it during the Indian Mutiny, had given the nation and journalists themselves a new sense of the dignity and importance of their calling; and a marked improvement in the tone of our leading newspapers, a greater sobriety and a stronger sense of responsibility may be traced from that date onward.

THE WEEKLIES

The weekly Press, which is to be regarded mainly as critic rather than as purveyor of public intelligence, lies for the most part outside the scope of this survey. Some of its issues, such, for instance, as the *Examiner* in the early years of the century, the *Saturday Review* during the middle Victorian era, and the *Spectator*, throughout the course of a long life which is still vigorously sustained, have at various times exercised a notable influence on the current politics of the day, besides competing with strictly literary and artistic journal, like the *Athenaeum* and others, as judges of authority in literature and art. But there have been a certain number of weekly newspapers properly so-called in existence ever since the foundation of the *Observer* in 1791, and many of them have shared in the general advance. A class of periodical, however, which deserves to be reckoned among the disseminators of news, inasmuch as it brings important events home to the popular imagination with infinitely greater force, if with less instant promptitude than the daily Press, remains still to be noticed. The year 1842 witnessed the first appearance of the *Illustrated London News*, which, after holding the field for more than a quarter of a century in virtually undisputed possession, found at last, in 1869, a worthy competitor in *The Graphic*; and the two papers, followed in due course by a number of other illustrated weeklies, have continued to flourish in honourable rivalry down to the present day. But an even more distinct enlistment of the pictorial art in the service of the newspaper, strictly so-called, was effected in 1890 by the establishment of *The Daily Graphic*, the first illustrated quotidien journal which claims, and with justice, not to have lagged behind its larger-sheeted and bulkier predecessors either in ability or enterprise, and, indeed, has now definitely secured its place among them as a popular organ of news.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

But the causes which have been most powerfully operative for the development of newspapers were in part economic and in part legislative, and came successively into being during the second decade of the latter half of the century. They were three in number. The first was the repeal of the paper duties by the legislation of 1861, following on the abolition of the newspaper stamp a few years earlier; the second was the vast extension of our telegraphic communication with the world beyond seas; the third was the passing of the Education Act of 1870. By the first of these events the commercial conditions of newspaper enterprise, theretofore severely hampered by the cost of materials, were absolutely transformed; by the second the facilities of the newspaper proprietor for filling his cheapened sheet with matter of interest to the community were immensely extended; and by the third the newspaper-reading public received—not, of course, immediately, but eventually and progressively in something like a geometric ratio—an enormous increment. Almost on the morrow of the repeal of the paper duties several of the great dailies reduced their price; and the newly founded and painfully struggling penny newspapers sprang almost at once into vigorous life. The brisk competition for news which set in among them from the date of the first permanently successful laying of the Atlantic cable in 1866 has continued with ever-increasing keenness and with the most excellent results for the public down to the present day.

The results of the Education Act of 1870 were, of course, much longer in showing themselves. More than two generations of children, allowing say ten years for each, had to pass through our elementary schools before the increment of new readers began to reveal its existence in any very conspicuous way. But from the moment it became perceptible at all its development and the immediate effects thereof have been alike astonishing, and even after deducting the vast number of new and flimsy periodicals which aim no higher than to provide diversion for an idle half-hour, it is still impossible to doubt that the number of intelligent and thoughtful readers of the serious newspapers is increasing with extraordinary rapidity every year, and that the English newspaper press is to-day doing its work of popular instruction with a completeness and success of which its conductors may be pardonably proud.



A LOOSE GIRTH



"GET OFF AND CARRY HIM"



EXERCISING



RECRUITS IN HYDE PARK

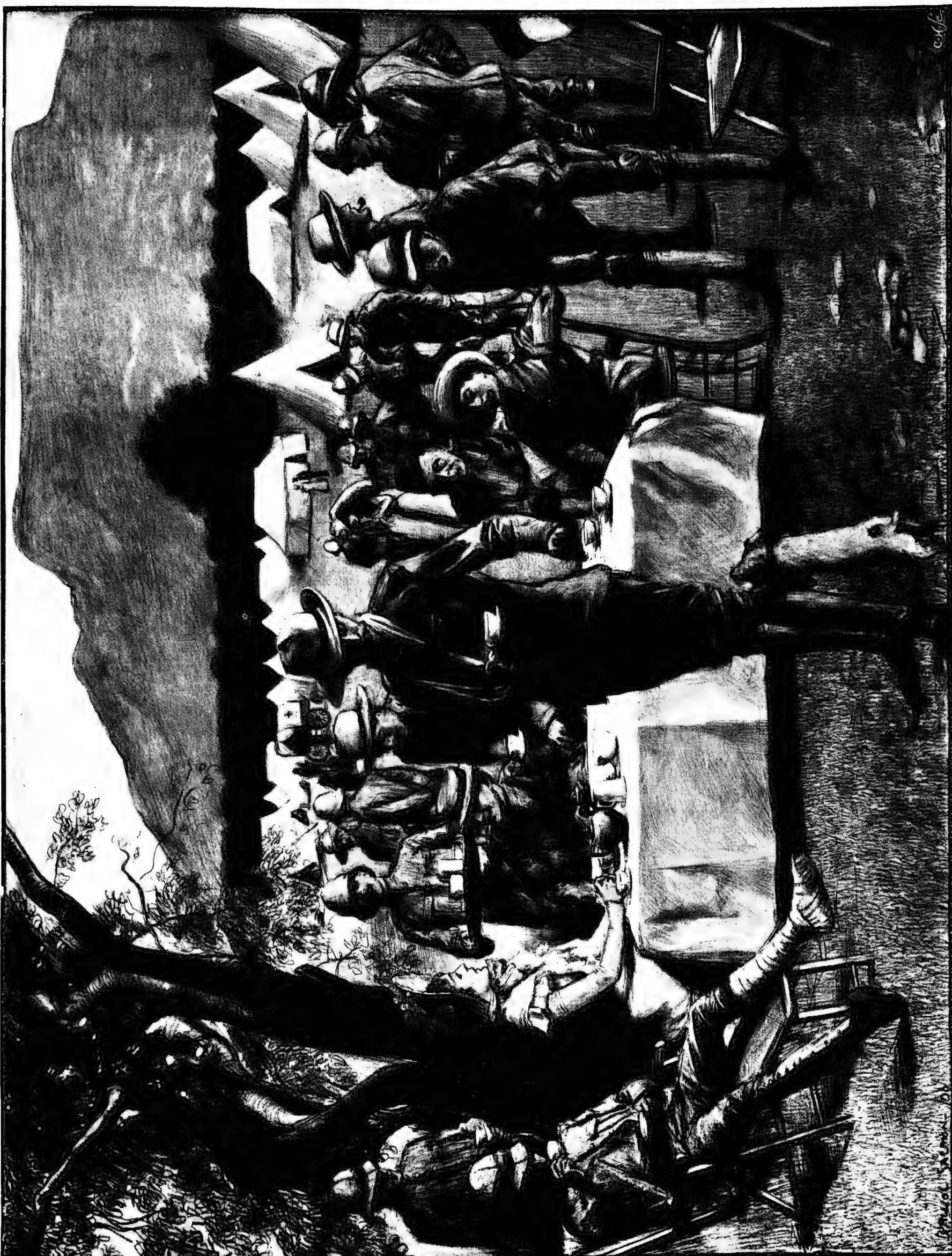
Over 400 gentlemen are now enrolled in Paget's Horse. They have been raised principally from among younger sons of gentlemen of good social position. The corps is recruited from all parts of Great Britain, so that the members have to engage their own lodgings in London and feed themselves. Those units that have already been passed over to the Government have to pay at least 4s. 6d. per day out of their own pockets towards their food and lodging. In a very large number of cases men have given up good positions for the purpose of serving their Queen and country. Mr. George Paget has now received permission from the War Office to raise a fourth unit of his corps. Those wishing to join must be good riders, good shots, and furnish satisfactory references as to their social position, and must be between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five.

A CORPS OF GENTLEMEN: PAGET'S HORSE PREPARING FOR THE FRONT

DRAWN BY S. S. LUCAS

in point of personality, quite anticipated the "gossip" columns of our latest and lightest prints, while the "facetiae" which the editors of even the gravest journals did not scruple to offer to their public were often such as would cause the hair of their highly respected successors of the present day to stand on end.

Nor it must be admitted did the first third of the present century bring with it any marked improvement in some of the above-mentioned respects. The first Reform Bill, and the great political crisis which preceded it, did something, no doubt, to increase the sense of journalistic responsibility, and therewith to create a demand for journalism of a better informed and altogether higher description. Newspapers, too, increased in size of sheet and in number of pages; the purveyance of news began to approach more nearly



DRAWN BY PALLIO SALMON

Our Special Artist writes:—"I went out yesterday to see an officer who was wounded at the expense of the Duke of Portland, who racing colour (black and white) might be seen on the little camp flags making the boundaries. The situation of the hospital is most pictureque, Table Mountain rising in the background, its summit hidden in clouds. After which one carried away"

LADY HENRY BENTINCK ENTERTAINING WOUNDED OFFICERS TO TEA AT THE PORTLAND HOSPITAL AT RONDEBOSCH

C. H. G.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

the dust and dirt of Cape Town the freshness of the camp was delightful, and a cup of tea outside the mess tent, at which only Henry Bentinck presided, was n't the least pleasant recollection which one carried away"

the situation of the hospital is most pictureque, Table Mountain rising in the background, its summit hidden in clouds. After

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

It was characteristic of Mr. Arthur Balfour that he left to Mr. George Wyndham the pleasant task of reading the telegram from Lord Roberts announcing the capitulation of Cronje. Question as to whether there was any fresh news from the seat of war was addressed to the Leader of the House by the Leader of the Opposition. With it was coupled a more modest request for information as to the business of the House on Thursday and Friday. To his young colleague, the Under-Secretary for War, Mr. Balfour left the more splendid task of reading the telegram of victory, whilst he humbly replied upon a detail of the week's work. The little incident is characteristic of him, indicating a disposition that endears him to both sides of the House. He, to use a colloquialism, never "puts on side." He is always simply himself, in small matters as in large.

Mr. George Wyndham is a master of elocution, and did full justice to a document that would be historic. The House was crowded in every part. Even the Peers' Gallery was full, a number of Lords hurrying over from their own House to be present at what promised to be a memorable scene. The House listened with that profound quietude that betokens keen emotion. The silence was broken by a hearty cheer when Mr. Wyndham read Lord Roberts' generous tribute to the dashing courage of the Canadian contingent, who, supported by the Gordon Highlanders and the 2nd Shropshires, had ere break of day entrenched themselves within eighty yards of the enemy. This, as Lord Roberts put it, clinched matters. There was more cheering at Lord Roberts' ready assent to Cronje's prayer for kind treatment, and his quaint concern for the perfection of his domestic arrangements. It was instinctively felt whilst the telegram was read that this attitude of a commander who, whilst unconditionally surrendering the army that had so gallantly stood by him, was careful only for his family comfort was a little out of keeping with the heroic figure public opinion has fashioned out of the grim warden of the Modder River. In conversation in the Lobby later it was agreed that, remembering his record at Potchefstroom, Cronje expected that, being caught by the British, he would straightway be shot. However that may be, the somewhat whining note of his stipulation for personal safety and comfort formed a jarring note.

The House has been occupied through the week with the Navy Estimates. These were introduced on Monday by Mr. Goschen in a speech of an hour and a half's duration. It was curious to notice the difference between the attitude of the House while the First Lord of the Admiralty spoke, and that assumed when the representative of the War Office was making an analogous statement. The explanation is found in the fact that whilst members are pretty sure about the Navy, the problem of Army reform, approached before Lord Roberts's brilliant plan of campaign had developed, filled all men's minds. Apart from its matter, the manner of Mr. Goschen's speech was not calculated to raise the spirits.

On the whole the statement was satisfactory and reassuring. The figures dealt with are colossal. Five years ago, when Mr. Goschen introduced the first Navy estimates framed under the present Government, he asked for a sum of 18,700,000. At the time that beat the record, and that weary Titan, the taxpayer, asked himself how it would be possible for him to maintain the strain of such a demand. This week the House of Commons has been engaged in voting a total sum of twenty-seven millions and a half, an advance of almost fifty per cent. upon the expenditure of 1886. Nor does this figure cover the whole expenditure. There will be spent in the coming year another sum of two millions, bringing up the total of Naval expenditure to a trifle under thirty millions sterling.

A comparison with the work of competing nations completed the mood of complacency with which the First Lord of the Admiralty was able to survey the round world and all that therein is. But there was a drop of bitterness in his overflowing cup, a fly in an otherwise delectable pot of ointment. The Commons had more or less cheerfully voted the money asked. It had, however, proved so large in amount that, with the best intention, profiting by long experience, the Admiralty were not able to spend their allowance. A sum of 1,400,000 remains in their coffers, and it would be absolutely impossible to spend it before the close of the financial year. A truly pitiable dilemma. Mr. Goschen, wringing both



Lord Roberts at Cape Town inspected the first detachment of the City of London Imperial Volunteers which arrived in the *Briton* on January 29. He expressed himself highly pleased with their appearance, and complimented Sir Howard Vincent on the part he had taken in raising such a splendid force. Addressing the men, Lord Roberts remarked that the officers who organised the Volunteer force in 1859 never dreamt that Volunteers would ever serve in South Africa. The last time a Volunteer force left England was to help the Dutch, and they arrived just in time to save Flushing from the Spaniards. He hoped that, under Queen Victoria, as under Queen Elizabeth, the arrival of the English Volunteers would coincide with the turn of the tide of war.

LORD ROBERTS INSPECTING THE FIRST CONTINGENT OF THE C.I.V.'S

hands, looked round the House for sympathy, and did not look in vain. The Irish members in particular were eager to deliver him from disaster, being ready, offhand, to accept the more than a million on account of readjustment of the financial relations between their country and Great Britain.

The War Office

THE War Office is the medium through which the Secretary of State for War exercises his functions as administrator of the military system of the British Empire. The Secretary of State is responsible to the Crown that the military forces and land defences of the kingdom are efficient. He is also responsible to the Treasury that money is not spent except in accordance with principles which have been approved by that department, and, lastly, he is responsible to Parliament, first, that he obtain a proper force; secondly, that the estimates of that force are made with due regard to economy; and, thirdly, that the expenditure accords with the Vote. Although he is not responsible for the formation of the local forces of the Colonies, he is often required to provide commanders for them, and in time of war they usually drop into places in the general scheme of warfare under the War Office.

The War Office may be said to date back to 1620, when a separate office was constituted under a Committee of the Privy Council, the Clerk to the Committee being called the Secretary at War. This office of Secretary at War was conferred in 1855 on Lord Panmure, when he took the seals as Secretary of State for War. It never afterwards had a separate existence, and the post was abolished in 1863. We have not space to trace the gradual development of the War Office through various phases. The War Office, as we know it now, is mainly the work of two great Secretaries of State. Lord Panmure, the first of these Secretaries, abolished the old Board of Ordnance as too powerful a body for a Secretary of State to control, and transferred the office of Master-General to the Commander-in-Chief. He also took away from the Home Office the control of the Militia and Yeomanry, and in 1857 the title War Department was changed to War Office. The man who still further perfected the organisation of the War Office was Mr. Cardwell. He first determined that the military offices of the Commander-in-Chief should form an integral part of the War Office. Then he passed the War Office Act in 1870, under which the work of the office was divided into three great departments. These were—(1) the Commander-in-Chief responsible for the discipline and personnel of the Army; (2), the Surveyor-

General of the Ordnance responsible for the production and supply of all arms, stores, and equipment, and for the maintenance of all fortifications, barracks, and other buildings; and (3) the Financial Secretary responsible for the due administration of all moneys voted by Parliament. In 1888, Mr. Stanhope, as the then Secretary for War, brought out a new Order in Council, making the Commander-in-Chief responsible for everything in connection with the efficiency of the soldier—that is his discipline, training, housing, clothing, food, and armament; while the Financial Secretary was made responsible for the making and purchasing of all stores, clothing, and arms which might be required, and to hand them over to the military authorities ready for use. Such is briefly the present military organisation. It will thus be seen that the Commander-in-Chief and the Financial Secretary are dependent on each other in that the former cannot equip his forces without the aid of the latter, while the Financial Secretary has to depend on the help of the Commander-in-Chief to enforce economy.

The War Office now consists of the two Departments, the Military and the Civil, and each of these is divided into branches known as divisions. The military department is under the Commander-in-Chief, who has as his assistant the Adjutant-General, who is responsible for the efficiency of the troops. The Civil Department is administered by the Financial Secretary, and comprises four divisions—finance, contracts, clothing, and ordnance. Besides these there is the Central Office, the office of the Secretary of State, which comprises four divisions under civilian heads, directly responsible to the Permanent Under-Secretary of State.

The important office of Secretary of State for War is at present held by the Marquess of Lansdowne, who has earned the confidence of all by his single-minded devotion to duty and by the admirable manner in which he has administered the affairs of his department in a very trying time. His assistant, the Under-Secretary of State for War, is Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., ex-officer of the Coldstream Guards, who, though still a young man, has shown considerable ability in performing the duties of his office. The other Under-Secretary is a permanent official. That post is held by Sir Ralph Knox, who has as his Assistant Under-Secretary Mr. G. D. A. Fleetwood Wilson, C.B. The Financial Secretary is Mr. J. Powell Williams, M.P.

On the military side, Viscount Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief, has as his Adjutant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., while Major-General Sir Coleridge Grove occupies the post of Military Secretary. The official holding this last office is responsible for the appointment, promotion, and retirement of all officers, for the selection of Staff officers, for the grant of honours and rewards, and for the admission of cadets into the military colleges.



THE RIVER BETWEEN DATCHET AND ETON



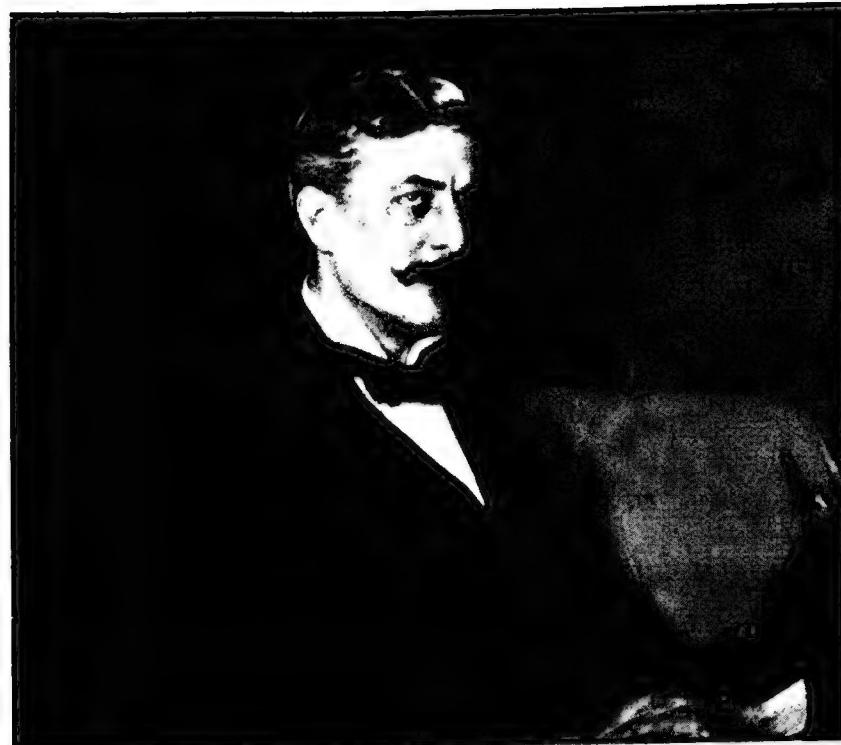
HOME PARK, WINDSOR: VIEW FROM THE CASTLE

THE FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY

From Photographs by H. Staynes, Clapton



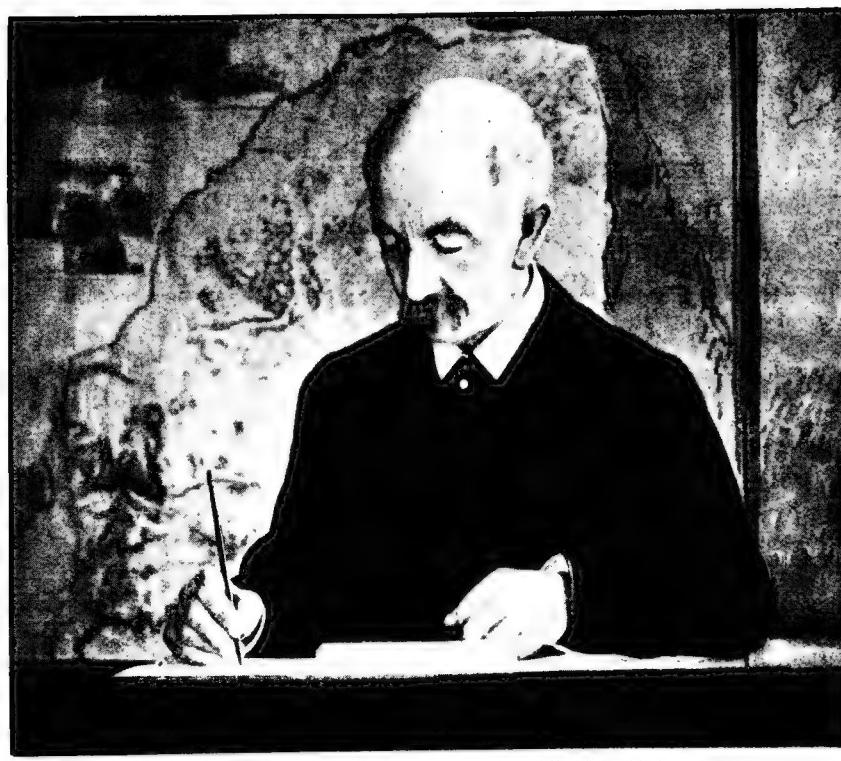
THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE
Secretary of State



MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.
Parliamentary Under-Secretary



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR COLERIDGE GROVE
Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief



GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.
Adjutant-General to the Forces



SIR RALPH HENRY KNOX
Permanent Under-Secretary



MR. G. D. A. FLEETWOOD WILSON
Assistant Permanent Secretary

OFFICIALS AT THE WAR OFFICE
From Stereophotographs by Underwood and Underwood, Red Lion Square. (Copyright, 1900)



CAPTAIN S. L. PARRY
(Denbighshire Contingent)



CAPTAIN LORD ALWYNE COMPTON
(Bedfordshire Contingent)



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. GRAHAM
(Commandant of the Base Dépôt)



MAJOR THE EARL OF ESSEX
(Second in Command of a Battalion)



CAPTAIN SIR ELLIOTT LEES, M.P.
(Dorset Contingent)



CAPTAIN DE WINTON
(Northamptonshire Contingent)



CAPTAIN ARNOLD BUTLER
(Oxfordshire Contingent)



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. R. L. HOWARD
(Commanding 9th Battalion)

OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

The docks at Cape Town have lately been taxed to find space for the landing of men from the transports, and to supply accommodation for the usual arriving and departing steamers. When the Worcester Regiment arrived in the *Tintagel Castle*, a good deal of confusion took place when the men began to disembark, owing

to the fact that the *Dunottar Castle* was coaling close by. Mules, soldiers, hansom cabs, baggage, passengers and negroes coaling seemed to be inextricably mixed up. But order soon took the place of chaos, thanks to the good temper and excellent discipline of the troops.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE AT CAPE TOWN: A SCENE IN THE DOCKS ON THE ARRIVAL OF A TRANSPORT

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.**A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34 lb. IN 22 DAYS.**

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulence and the Cure," (26 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count [redacted], has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos.—i.e., 34lb." Another writes:—"So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes:—"I am just half the size." A fourth:—"I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes:—"A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes:—"I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says:—"It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says:—"Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

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The Late H. D. Traill

ENGLISH literature and English journalism are both the poorer by the untimely and sadly sudden death of Mr. H. D. Traill. *Graphic* readers knew his newspaper work well; for some years he regularly contributed a *causerie* to these columns, and an article from his pen appears on another page. His more formal and ambitious literary achievements have been duly recited in the daily papers, and it seems superfluous to repeat the list of his books, or of the papers and magazines to which he contributed. The books were always good, and often brilliant; but the man was greater than his books. It will have been observed that almost every notice of his death that has been written had in it some personal touch leaving the impression that the writer had lost a friend whom he valued beyond most of his friends. It was, indeed, impossible to have known H. D. Traill and to write of his death without emotion—impossible to have known him well and to do so without the



THE LATE MR. H. D. TRAILL
Editor of *Literature*
Our Portrait is by M. Stephens, Harrogate

emotion that makes it hard to write at all. And yet it is a pleasure, though a painful one, to pay a tribute to his memory. One would even compete for the task in one's desire that full justice should be done to him.

The present writer was a member of Traill's staff in the days when he edited the *Observer*, and rejoices to record his testimony that there was no editor in London for whom men worked more gladly. He was not only a good editor in the sense that he knew how to turn out a good paper—scholarly, pungent, well-informed—and taught those who worked for him to regard an error of taste as the accursed thing. It was not merely that he held the reins at once so lightly and so firmly that an alteration made by him always seemed to have been made by one's own literary conscience. His attitude towards the members of his staff was also very much that of a father anxious to promote the interests of his family. He wanted them to get on, urged them to get on, helped them to get on by introductions which, coming from him, necessarily carried weight. Afterwards, when the happy family in the *Observer* office was broken up, nothing pleased him better than to be able to congratulate them because they had got on.

It can hardly be three weeks since Traill and I were talking of certain obituary notices of eminent men which we had both written

to be stored in the pigeon-holes of newspapers. He said that he had written scores of these, reviewing the characters of his contemporaries after the manner of Tacitus (though, in truth, the bitterness of Tacitus was alien to his nature), and that he had observed that to write the biography of a living man always resulted in giving him a fresh lease of life. With what glad alacrity we should all have rushed to write his biography were this indeed a means of keeping a man whom we loved and valued a little longer with us!

F. G.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER"

ALL that tuneful music and graceful dancing, beautiful scenery and brilliant costumes could do to make the new play at the PRINCE OF WALES's Theatre acceptable, has been done, and if the result has fallen short of Mr. Martin Harvey's expectations, it is fair to remember the difficulties of his task. This, it is true, raises the previous question—why attempt to make a romantic hero—who seems to appeal to our sympathies—out of a monster of depravity? Don Juan Tenorio, the hero of the play which Mrs. Cunningham Graham has translated from the Spanish of the late Señor Jose Zorrilla, is, as most people have heard this week, identical with the historical personage whom Byron calls "our ancient friend Don Juan," and who has already figured in many older pieces, and notably in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The story of this latest adaptation of the legend of the unbridled profligacy of Don Juan of Seville is, in fact, a variation upon the theme of the opera. Don Juan is here represented as not merely a libertine and a duellist, whose achievements with the rapier fall little short of murder, but a mean-spirited and contemptible person. He openly boasts of his numerous amours in the hearing of a crowd of carnival revellers in a low drinking den; he lays with his boon companion, Don Luis Mejia, an infamous wager involving the honour of the latter's fiancée, Ana de Pantoja, and even insults the venerable Commandant Don Gonzola de Ulloa by threatening, in spite of the latter's vigilance, to carry off his daughter Soledad from the convent in which she has been placed for safe keeping. In this feat he is by dint of bribes successful. For a moment the ruffian is supposed to be touched by the artless prattle of his victim, whom he has induced to elope with him, and in this mood he even goes down on his knees to entreat her father, who has tracked down the fugitives, to accept his penitence; but the old man prefers to fight, and falls a victim to Juan's too ready rapier, as does his associate, Don Luis, who joins in the fray. Five years then elapse, during which poor Soledad has died of a broken heart, and Don Juan, who has been renewing his evil courses abroad, returns to find that his now deceased father had appropriated an entire cemetery to his son's victims with monumental effigies. The *dénouement* brings us back to the old story of the animated statue of the commandant, who descends from his pedestal to accept the mocking invitation of Don Juan to a banquet.

Ultimately Don Juan is slain in a broil by a couple of roysters at this orgy, whereupon we are presented with the strange—I rather think the wholly unprecedented spectacle—of a post-mortem repentance which is supposed to suffice to save the libertine from the dismal fate of Mozart's hero. Thus the curtain descends upon the dimly-lighted cemetery in which the statue of Soledad, also animated for the occasion, is seen taking to her arms her penitent lover. Old romances, it is true, must not be submitted to the prosaic test of probability. It may be admitted that there is something in the strange incidents of the later scenes which lays hold on the imagination; but the details are over-elaborated, and there are some anti-climaxes and repetitions which do injury to the effect. The most conspicuous shortcoming, however, was Mr. Martin Harvey's unexpected failure to invest Don Juan with the air of romance and the seductive grace which are needed to humanise, so to speak, this incarnation of wickedness. Miss de Silva's Soledad displayed a fresh innocence which was very pleasing, and Mr. Blinn's Don Gonzola was characterised by much dignity and distinction. The reception of the play, if not enthusiastic, was certainly not unfriendly.

"THE BISHOP'S EYE"

Courage and perseverance, in alliance with a certain share of the rare gift which we call the dramatic instinct, may be trusted one day to place Miss Clo Graves in the ranks of our successful dramatists. Unfortunately her new eccentric comedy at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre is not likely to contribute much to this desirable result. Miss Graves's most prominent personage, as will be guessed by those who understand the significance of the title which she has chosen for her play, is an Archdeacon of the Church. His name is Pettloe, and his besetting weakness is his confidence that evil-doers—not even excepting "the most highly developed type of congenital and confirmed criminality"—may be cured of their wicked propensities by a systematic course of "hypnotic suggestion." To this end he engages for the service of a lady relative a desperate burglar named Copp, who appears to take kindly to the prescribed process, and to afford a crowning evidence of the soundness of the Archdeacon's theories. But while Copp's hypnotic states are merely feigned the wily butler has become himself an adept in hypnotism, and exercises his "will-power" in compelling the venerable enthusiast to steal a bicycle and go out at night committing burglaries around the neighbourhood. The idea is one that seems to lend itself to farcical treatment, and its fantastic character is not against it, if we may judge by some pieces that have won of late considerable success. But Miss Graves's treatment is, as her own description of the comedy suggests, not farcical but rather eccentric, and she has overweighted the action with a number of trivial details, both of dialogue and incidents, which win laughter at a rather cheap rate. The best feature of the performance was Mr. Hendrie's curiously impressive performance as the cunning, hypocritical and malignant butler. Mr. Barnes's Archdeacon was likewise a decidedly clever impersonation, and Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. De Lange, and other members of the excellent VAUDEVILLE company also rendered good service. As the favourable verdict of the audience was almost unanimous, and Miss Graves received the honour of a call, I am bound to register *The Bishop's Eye* as at least a first-night success.

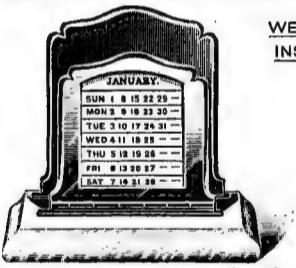
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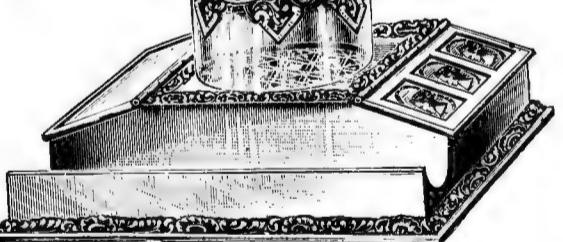
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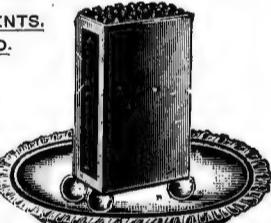
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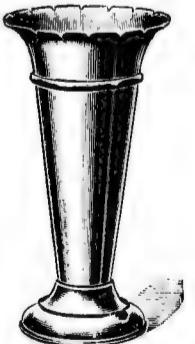
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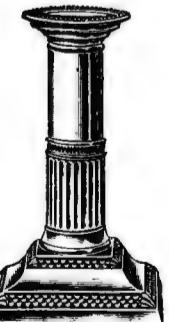


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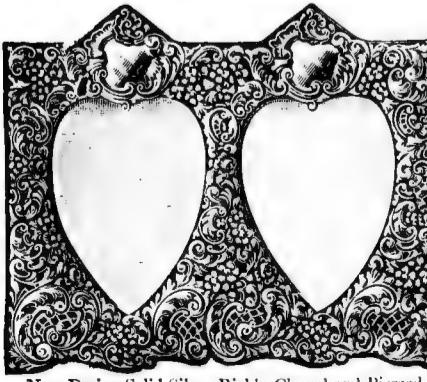
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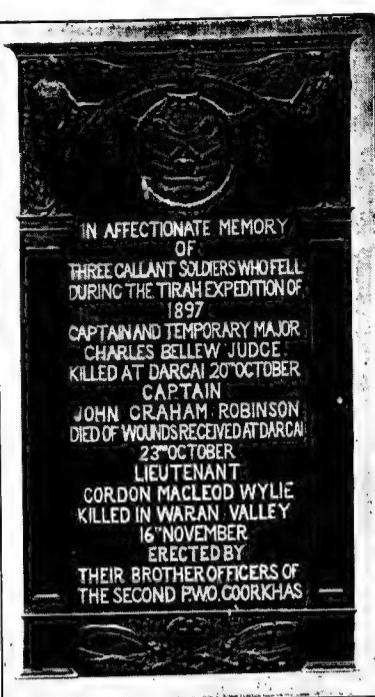
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The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT'S long and intimate association with the history of the stage throughout the period when it has mounted from its most squalid era to its present flourishing condition, entitles him to speak with no little authority. He helped to prepare the way for those brilliant reactionaries, the Bancrofts. He was always a whole-hearted enthusiast for everything which tended to encourage good acting and stimulate native talent, and disagree with him as one may on the subject of modern plays, there are very few who will not admit that as a critic of acting he has always stood a head and shoulders above everyone else. One can easily understand that the Ibsen reaction, with what he is pleased to call "its worship of the ugly in art; its grim and repulsive reality," is distressing to him, but he is a little unjust to himself when he says: "I was one of the new school in the early sixties, now I am one of the old school in the latest nineties." But to go back for a moment, it must be at once admitted that despite, perhaps because of, the wealth of interesting material which he has had at his command, the book in which he has dealt with it is a decided disappointment. Those who want new and racy stories will not find them, those who want a succinct record will be equally disappointed. To be frank, the book is a jumble—a mass of recollections

poured chaotically into two bulky—far too bulky—volumes. Cut down by half the book might have been interesting. As it is it is tiresome and tedious. Mr. Scott's method, in order to miss no interesting recollections, is to put in everything. Not content with his own reminiscences of famous actors and plays, he gives us pages and pages of matter from his friends, till in the end one gets hopelessly confused as to the authorship of half of what one has read. Again, so enamoured is he of the old Bohemian days, of the glorious, happy-go-lucky little coteries of struggling geniuses who sat up all night talking of what they would do, and separated with the dawn mutually borrowing half-crowns, that he cannot see how much that was doubtless riotously amusing at the moment won't bear detailing in cold print. Possibly it was very funny, if you were in the right mood, to see Marie Bancroft "playing circus" and riding on the back of a future judge, but it makes one feel old to read of it now, and Mr. Scott has not the art of conjuring up the glamour and atmosphere of the Bohemia upon which he so persistently dwells. So much by way of criticism: against this it must be admitted that those who are interested in the stage will find very much to interest them. It could not well be otherwise in a survey of such a period of dramatic history. How many, one wonders, realise that as late as 1843 the Haymarket was lit with candles? In that very year Benjamin Webster marked the reopening with the introduction of gas and orchestra stalls, "which can be retained for the parties taking them the whole of the evening." Prior to this the pit had extended right up to the orchestra, as in some East End houses now, and every old actor resented the change, claiming, rightly enough, that the pit was much more stimulating than the apathetic stalls. Those were the days when two five-act comedies would be played on one night, when £25 a week was a maximum salary, and when actors were expected to be perfect in a number of plays so that the evening bill could be changed at a moment's notice or without notice. Mr. Scott began writing too when dramatic notices were casually written and casually printed, sometimes after several days, the important first night was not then what it is now, and "Society" had not then taken to its heart and hearth the actor and actress. But with all his enthusiasm for the social life of bygone days, Mr. Scott is no "old fogey" in his judgments. He has seen good acting in the past, but nowhere have Ellen Terry, Irving, Lewis Waller, Marian Terry, Mrs. Campbell and a score of others received fuller justice than at his hands. He is catholic in his enthusiasms where actors are concerned, however much he resents the Ibsen wave in plays. Of interesting letters the volume contains a number. Here is an extract from one written, not by the author, but written by that remarkable woman whose name is almost forgotten by the present generation:—

I hear you are to be married—I am glad of that; I believe all good men should be married. Yet I don't believe in women being married. Somehow they all sink into nonentities after this epoch in their existences. That is the fault of their education. They are taught from their cradles to look upon marriage as the one event of their lives. That accomplished nothing remains. However, Byron might have been right after all: "Man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." If this is true we do not wonder to find so many stupid wives—they are simply doing the "whole existence" sort of thing. Good women are rarely clever, and clever women are rarely good.

So poor Ada Menken underneath her silk fleshings was a New Woman, and every one has assumed that the end of the century saw the birth of the New Woman. Some of the most interesting chapters deal with the early experiences of men who have since

reached the highest rung on the ladder of success, as, for instance, Irving, who was taken—"a pale-faced young man with . . . a shy, nervous manner"—to see Mr. Clement Scott at the War Office, where for a long time he held a post. These chapters, indeed, afford biographical glimpses of a host of well-known people, including not merely actors but such playwrights as Byron, Robertson, and W. S. Gilbert. Naturally enough the writer tells at considerable length the story of his career as a critic, the serious trouble which sometimes was the outcome of his outspoken criticisms, and the story of the severing of his connection with the *Daily Telegraph* because they would not allow him to sign his articles. Again, there is a very entertaining chapter of first-night rows. And in connection with this must be quoted the story of a play called *Oonagh*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was a very long play. It went on till eleven—twelve—one, and then nearly every one quietly departed, with the exception of a few critics and enthusiasts. At last, about two o'clock, the stage carpenters and scene shifters took the matter into their own hands. It was Sunday morning, and they wanted to get home. Incontinently they pulled the carpet from under the actors' feet, whereupon they all fell prone, and the curtain was rung down. Many plays have run only one night, but *Oonagh* has the proud distinction of being the drama that never was finished. Interspersed throughout the two volumes are hosts of portraits of actors, actresses, playwrights, and critics. The theatrical enthusiast will dig into the book and find plenty to interest him, but Mr. Scott has at once had too much material to draw upon and been too near to his subject. ("The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day." By Clement Scott. 2 volumes. Macmillan and Co.).



This silver gilt casket was recently presented to the Duke of Norfolk with the Freedom of the City of Sheffield. The centre panel of the obverse bears the Arms of the City of Sheffield above a shield containing enamelled monogram and ducal coronet, supported on either side by panels with views of the Town Hall and Cutle's Hall. Upon similar panels on the reverse appear the Western Park Museum, Shrewsbury Tower, and the Parish Church. The lid bears the Coat of Arms of the recipient. The arms on the cover are supported upon either side by figures representing respectively the City of Sheffield and Industrial Progress. The modelling and designing of the work was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Sheffield and London

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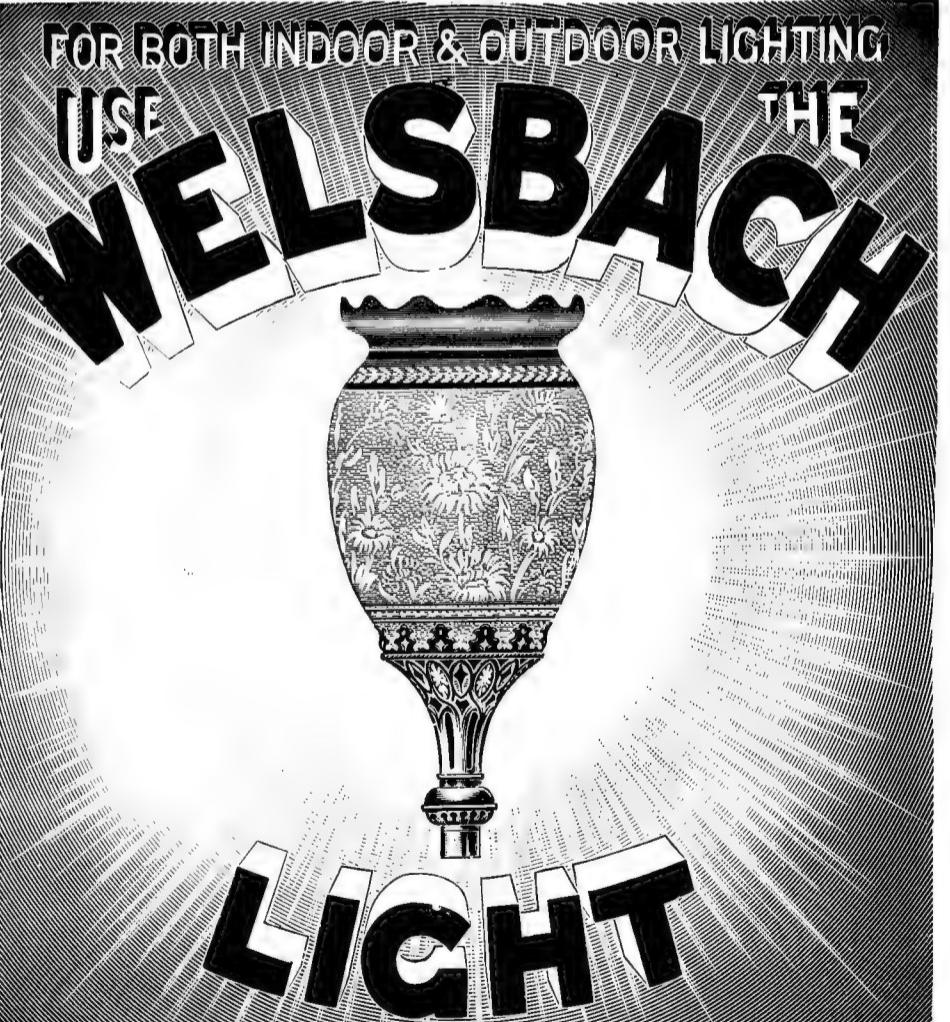


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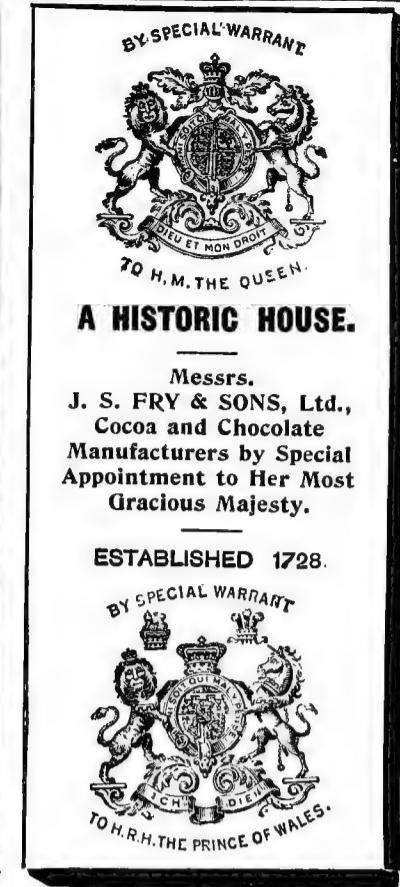
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New Novels

"THE KING'S DEPUTY"

THE action of Mr. H. A. Hinkson's Romance of the Last Century (Lawrence and Bullen) is laid in Dublin during the vice-reign of that Duke of Rutland whom tradition credits with having laid the knightly accolade on so many egregiously inappropriate shoulders. In the novel he confers knighthood upon an obscure breeches-maker for no reason that he knew of, and upon a working carpenter for no reason at all, and a baronetcy upon his aide-de-camp, Theobald Dillon (the narrator of the story), as a reward for nothing of which his grace could be aware but fervent expressions of loyalty and devotion. We cannot bring ourselves to care for the hero, as being given to write himself down an ass with only too much truth; or for Miss Yelverton the heiress, who, to escape from an odious marriage, coolly proposes to her real lover not that he should carry her off, but that he should murder his rival. That the rival, as the truly melodramatic villain of the piece, richly deserves any fate, the gallows by preference, is nothing to the purpose. Duels, political conspiracies, love, the bottle, high play, famous men and beautiful women, provide Mr. Hinkson with an almost embarrassing amount of material, and enable his readers to realise a Court and a Capital in which a d'Artagnan would have found himself thoroughly at home.

"SIR PATRICK: THE PUDDOCK"

A very pleasant, sympathetic, and amusing love-story—and just a love-story, is L. B. Walord's "Sir Patrick: the Puddock" (Arthur Pearson). As his sobriquet indicates, Sir Patrick Kinellan, of the Isle of Mull, is not beautiful, nor is he in his first youth; but he is described as being "as honest and true-hearted a little fellow as ever lived"—and the description fits him with precision.

One gets just a little vexed with him for an excess of misplaced diffidence which imperilled another's happiness as well as his own; but one never doubts for a moment that the girl who was wise enough to love him would somehow find the way to win him. It all makes a very charming little romance, by no means devoid of comedy—as exemplified by the family of the self-made gentleman

who insists on building a "Castle," not a "House," chiefly for the reason that the proper aspiration of the latter might lead to trouble.

"THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE"

The fire in which, some years ago, all the inmates of a French laundry in the Edgware Road lost their lives, seems to have inspired Mrs. Alexander, as an experienced novelist always ready to follow out a fact to its remotest possibilities, with a very natural question: What if, from among an inexcavated number of bodies, consumed beyond complete identification, one should be missing, not because its owner had perished, but because she was alive? What if some fortunate accident had prevented her return to the laundry? And then, further, what if she had any reason for a self-effacement which her supposed death would enable her to carry out? These questions constitute the groundwork of "Through Fire to Fortune" (T. Fisher Unwin): the "fortune" of Clara Leigh, the girl so providentially preserved, rising by well-marked degrees from lady's maid to successful actress, and finally to the position of an Earl's acknowledged niece, and the fiancée of a well-born and eminent author. She had her troubles: but on the whole her career was nearly as continuously agreeable to herself as it will be to the reader. The novel is characteristic of Mrs. Alexander at her best, and will therefore appeal to all who can appreciate excellence of construction and unaffectedness of style.



The contest for the Waterloo Cup this year will be remembered for the number of favourites that failed to retain their reputations. In the fifth round the Duke of Leeds's Lavishly Clothed beat Mr. Verath's Hawthorn VI., and Mr. Bibby's Fearless Footsteps beat Mr. Trevor's Prince Falcon. The final course between Fearless Footsteps and Lavishly Clothed was a splendid contest, and the former only won by a bare majority. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. J. Bowden, Upper Tulse Hill

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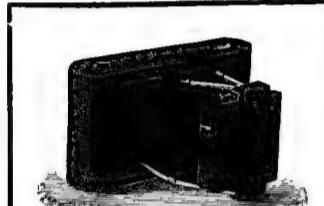


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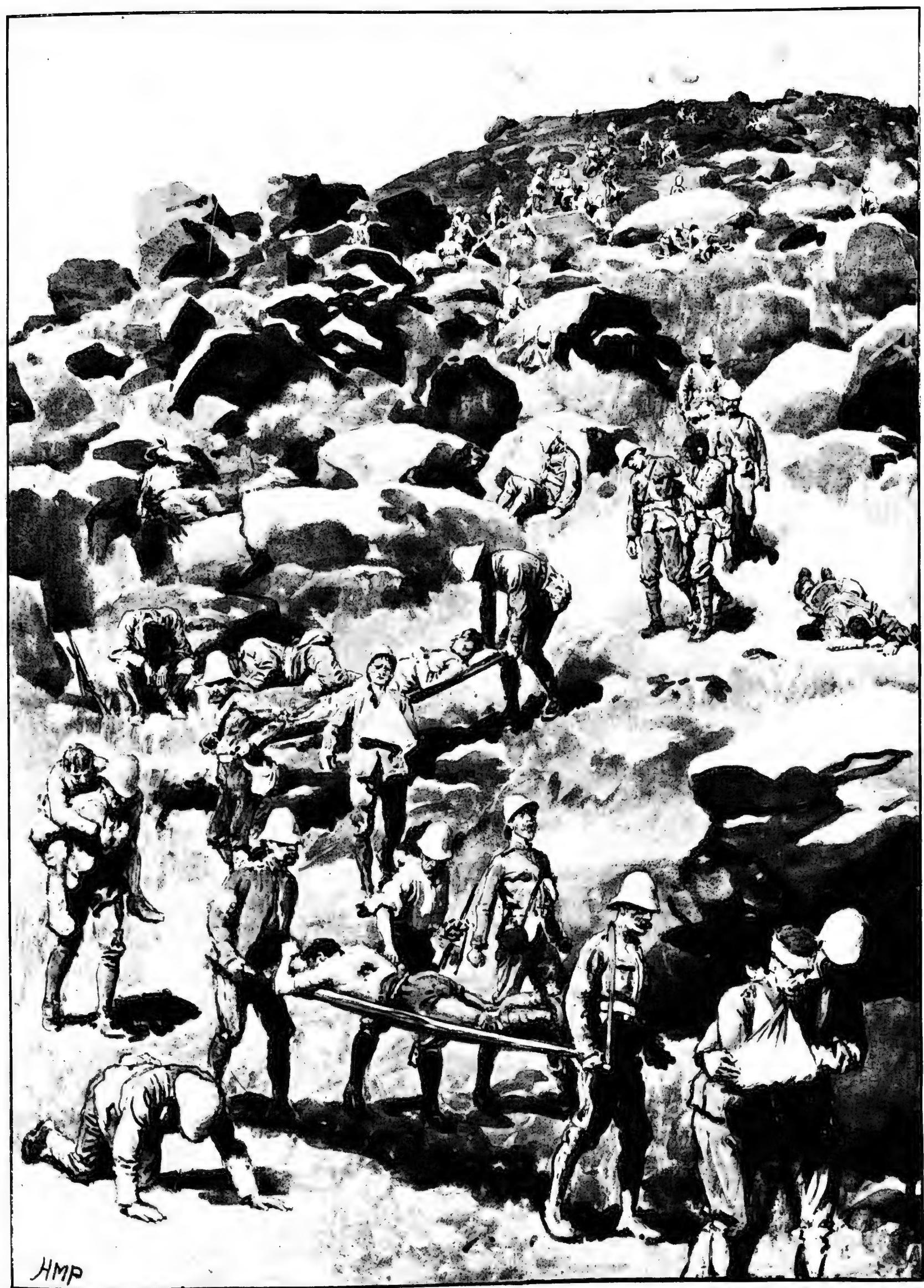
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FROM SKETCHES BY COLONIAL OFFICERS



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Spion Kop was taken on January 24, not without much toil, endurance, and heroism. Some evidence of the cost of its capture was seen afterwards when a stream of wounded men slowly wended their way down the mountain side, some on stretchers and some hobbling along as best they could with the

assistance of their comrades. Under the dip of the hill was a temporary dressing station, and not far off was another. There the Army surgeons toiled unremittingly amid the smoke and dust and danger to relieve the sufferers.

FROM A SKETCH BY "A. E. C."

THE BATTLE OF SPION KOP: A LONG LADDER OF PAIN

HILL TAKEN BY ASSAULT ON JANUARY 21

SPION KOP

SHELLS FROM MOUNT ALICE BURSTING



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I., AND S. T. DADD

Sir Charles Warren's column crossed the Tugela at Trichard's Drift on January 17. Having crossed it in the river the force maintained for some days a steady and determined attack on the Boer position, which extended eastwards from the neighbourhood of Action House to a point three or four miles north of the position taken up by General Lyttelton's brigade

north of Potgieter's Drift. The enemy's position consisted of a series of kopjes flanking the east and west the formidable and commanding hill known as Spion Kop. The results of the two days' fighting were the capture in succession of several kopjes and the swinging round of Sir Charles Warren's left, supported by General Hildyard, about a couple of miles to



Trichard's Drift. Spion Kop has an altitude of some 4,800 ft. It was pronounced by Sir Charles Warren the key of the position. As will be remembered, the hill was carried at great cost, and had to be subsequently abandoned as untenable.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD OF BATTLE BEFORE SPION KOP FROM GUN HILL

C E F R I P P -



DRAWN BY G. E. FRIPP

FROM A SKETCH BY A COLONIAL OFFICER
The advance against the Boer position on Spion Kop was begun at night. Our men had upon our men. The 2nd Scottish Rifles, the 3rd King's Royal Rifles, and the Lancashire Hussiers suffered heavily. Amid a rain of Mauser bullets our men bounded forward up over climbed about three-quarters of the rocky slope before they were discovered. When daylight came a fog overhanging the hill, and as soon as it lifted the Boers poured in a terribly heavy fire rock and boulder, eager to come to close quarters with the enemy. The top was reached and holding the post.

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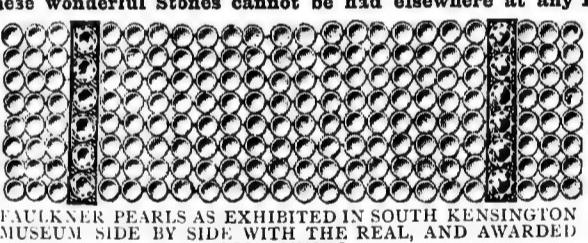
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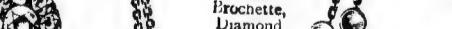
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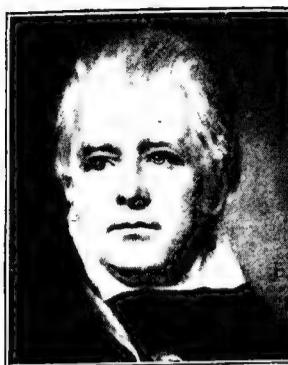
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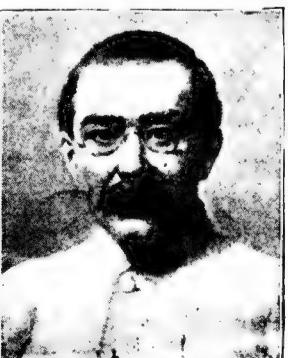
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time, it opens with a curious story which belongs to an age before even parchment or papyrus had been invented, when men wrote in curious wedge-shaped characters on tablets of soft clay, which were afterwards baked and numbered like the leaves of a book, and deposited in great libraries like that of Assurbanipal at Nineveh. It is from the latter, which must have been the Alexandrian library of its time, that the quaint and curious story of the "Adventures of Istar," so closely and so strangely resembling much of the book of Genesis, although probably written a thousand years or more before, has come. After years of laborious investigation and comparison the story has been translated, and the translation forms the opening pages of the new "Library of Famous Literature."

THE BEST OF SIXTY CENTURIES.

From the days when this story was written to our own covers an expanse of, perhaps, sixty centuries. To gather a thousand of the masterpieces of these sixty centuries has been the aim of this great work. To the making of the work many hands, the best trained, have contributed. The editor in chief is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and it is doubtful if from among living English scholars a more admirable choice could have been made. In addition, not merely the most eminent men of letters in England, but in France, Germany, Italy and America have contributed. "The Library of Famous Literature" is, in short, world-wide in its scope, and one of its most noteworthy features has been the inclusion of a generous share of American literature, the bulk of which, we believe, will be new to English readers.

That men of such high and varied culture and profound acquaintance with books should collaborate in the production of the new "Library" stamps it as a work of the highest authority. But while the Library of Literature is all that, it is a Library of interesting literature first and foremost. That, indeed, has been the test. Nothing has been chosen because it was considered great once. The requirement has been that it be attractive and instructive to men and women of to-day. Not a work for scholars and pedants, the Library, perhaps, makes its largest appeal to that wide class of ever-scarce leisure who, amid the preoccupations of their busy lives, still wish to know something of the best of their time. For such as these the

library is simply invaluable. In short—as its perhaps rather ambitious title suggests—it is a complete library in itself. It contains more than many people will read in a lifetime; and even the scholar and the student will find there many choice specimens he might otherwise have missed.

Care has been taken, too, that the selections should be not merely representative in quality, but in extent as well. It would be absurd to attempt a clear idea of the prose style of Milton, of Matthew Arnold, of Ruskin, of Emerson, or of Goethe, to cite only a few names by means of a few brief pages; essays or chapters from their pens have, therefore, been given entire. Likewise, it would be absurd to illustrate the story-telling, the art of Stevenson, or Maupassant, or Poe, with anything less than complete tales. Some of them occupy thirty and forty of the large pages of the "Library." In short, to use Dr. Garnett's own phrase, such selections have been sought which have a beginning, a middle, and an end; in brief, are complete in themselves—not mere scraps, but the full picture. True, a poem may occupy but a page, and there is even a very great short story, given in its entirety, which occupies but a page and a half, a wonderful thing in the way of compression. But, in general, it might be said that the selections average in length what may be agreeably read at a sitting—Edgar Allan Poe's test, by the way, of true poetry; and it might be applicable to prose as well.

ALL THE WORLD'S GREAT LITERATURE IN 20 HANDSOME VOLUMES.

Of the vast range of the Library it is next to impossible to afford an adequate idea. But it gives something of a hint to learn that there are two large indexes—one a general index of authors, titles, first lines, and the like; the other a topical index of subjects; and that these two great indexes comprise together some 10,000 entries. Every form, as well as every age, of literature is represented; but it goes without saying that the Library devotes a considerable space to that especial form which in these modern days has assumed so much importance—fiction and the short story.

To sum up, it may be fairly said that this great and novel work really achieves its avowed purpose. It takes the place of uncounted shelves of scattered volumes, and puts the reader in instant possession of the best which has ever been written since books began to be made. Whether it be employed as a diversion of one's idle hours, for the study of comparative literature, both as to authors or races and ages, or as a means of inculcating among the young a taste for the supreme literature of the world, it must be welcomed wherever books are valued and read.

A PASSING OPPORTUNITY.

A man is never more vexed than when he has just missed a train, and sees it moving out of the station, taking other people to the place where he wanted to go. He did not know until that moment how keen he was to go, and in all probability he lost the train because he had not made up his mind until the last moment.

That is the frame of mind in which a good many people will find themselves FORTY-EIGHT HOURS FROM NOW, when the "Standard" has withdrawn the temporary offer it now makes in connection with "The Library of Famous Literature." The advertisements have appeared day after day. If you like to have the best sort of books in your house, and like to get the best possible bargain for your money, you must have said to yourself that you would like to secure a copy of the Library. But you had other things to think about, the paper was full of war news, and you did not stop to cut out the order form just then.

NOW THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. If you delay, the train will have started without you—the train, so to speak, that runs through the varied and beautiful domains of the world's literature, where the masterpieces of all the ages stand forth like mountains, where fiction and humour and verse flow in ample streams, where harvests of pleasure and profit, too, await your coming. It is a land of delights to which, if you have but little leisure, you may go for only ten minutes at a time, always returning refreshed and stimulated; a land in which you may spend long, cosy evenings forgetting the March winds; a land to which the members of your family may journey with you, and return with a thousand pleasant impressions and recollections to discuss.

To follow out the simile, to-day you may for half-fare book your passage to this lovely country, which is so easily reached and yet so far removed from the cares and fatigues of daily life, and your ticket will be not for one journey only, but for life, enabling you to run all the way up and down the line as often as you please, stopping where you wish.

Few will wish to lose such an opportunity! But, to drop metaphor, probably on Saturday, certainly by Monday, the introductory edition will be exhausted and no more sets will remain to be had at half the regular price. If you do not wish to lose a great opportunity you must make up your mind at once.

TESTIMONIALS FROM SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE THE BOOKS.

"BEYOND PRAISE."

The Manse, Melbourn, Royston.

I am delighted with my copy of the international "Library of Famous Literature," having had the opportunity already of examining the whole twenty volumes. It is an excellent anthology, and the get-up of the work is beyond praise.

(REV.) G. PORTER CHAPPLE.

"MANY YEARS OF ELEVATING DIVERSION."

Ferndale, Tamworth Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of set of "The Library of Famous Literature." They contain many years of elevating diversion for my family. I could wish that every factory manager throughout the kingdom possessed them.

J. T. WICKS.

"I SHALL OBTAIN KNOWLEDGE OF THE BEST AND MOST ELEVATING KIND"

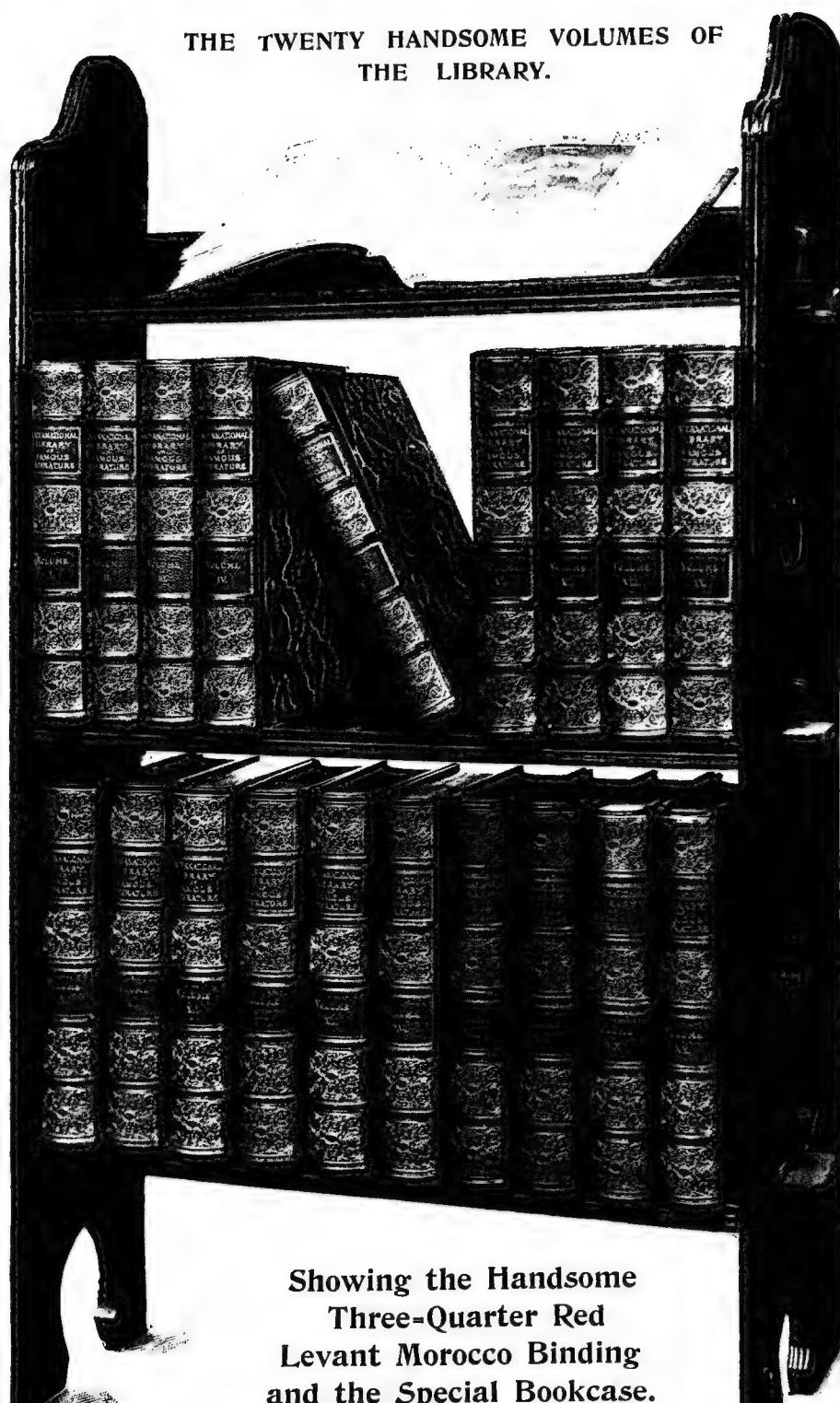
17, Mayfair Avenue, Cranbrook Park, Ilford.

As a man of very little spare time, I am debarred from attending any of our great libraries in order to improve my knowledge of existing gems of literature, and to me, therefore, your work is very acceptable.

I am unable to point to any one feature which stands out prominently, but the great usefulness to me exists in the fact that, by your arrangement, I shall be able to obtain knowledge of the best and most elevating kind during any half-hour I may have at my disposal, instead of having to resort to reading some of the present day scrappy periodicals. I trust your Library will have a wide circulation, and that it may be the means of counteracting the bad influence which is being exercised by the publication and extensive reading of the many scrappy weekly and monthly magazines.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

FARMERS are beginning thoroughly to dislike the look of the season. It is far too wet and mild for the autumn-sown wheat, while the threshing of corn can only be carried on under highly adverse conditions. We hear of only too many farmers who have not paid the rents due on January 6, a very common day for agricultural collections. Barley-sowing is not likely to begin before mid-March, and this almost amounts to a certainty of malting samples being scarce in the autumn. The land is too sodden even for oats, and putting potatoes in would be to court disaster. The health of live stock is far less satisfactory than it was at the close of last year, and prices for farm produce seldom remunerate the grower; wheat, barley, hops, and straw may be mentioned as articles particularly low in value. Beans, peas, tares, and oilseeds are paying their cultivators, but they are no more than the off-products of an ordinary farm. Poultry are laying well, and oats are in improved request; these are two features of a satisfactory character. The rainfall in the west has been extraordinary. From January 1 to February 17 the fall at Falmouth was just ten inches, and in the extreme west of the county even this record has been surpassed. The growth of vegetation since the frost broke up has

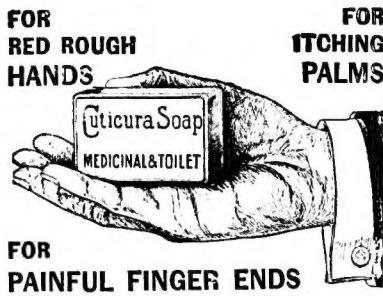
been marked, and the elder bushes are covered with leaf-buds. Daffodils did not wait this year for March, but were a good show in the open in all the southern counties fully a week before the end of February.

A CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW

The Council of the R.A.S.E. recommend a cessation of the peripatetic show system and the purchase of a central showyard near Leicester or some other town at an equal distance, roughly speaking, from north, south, east and west. The idea with which the R.A.S.E. was founded may, therefore, be said to have been abandoned by a majority of its self-elected executive. The question remains whether the twelve thousand ordinary members will feel the same "craven fear of being great" which has come over the Council. The R.A.S.E., in undertaking to show each English county in turn the best agriculture of the time, the finest live stock and the most up-to-date implements, undoubtedly took upon itself a great burden, and carried on a national propaganda without asking a penny from the national purse. That the burden has proved too heavy to be borne is now asserted, and it is alleged that visits to counties like Kent are a dead loss. If Maidstone, which is within two hours of London, results in a loss, what will occur when rotation suggests a choice between, say, Lincoln and Sleaford in the east, or Shrewsbury and Ludlow in the west?

REGIONAL SHOWS

Much may be said for four great English agricultural shows. The Irish division into Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster is largely factitious, as the west and south are identical in nearly all their characteristics, while the north is more widely separated from the three other districts than they are from one another. But in England the four divisions are real. The south is warm enough to grow crops and rear semi-hardy annuals which will not flourish in the other districts. The west is of mild climate, pastoral in its leanings, a land of orchards and meadows. The east is the granary of England; hot in summer, fine and dry in autumn, cold in winter, harsh in spring, it has its own climate, and only suits those annuals which love its strongly marked characteristics. The north is the land of hardy live stock, the source of our best beef, a country of thick fleece sheep, and of the famous Clydesdale horse. It places oatmeal on a level with wheat-meal, and has its own successes equal to those of any other region. But it has no interest in orchards, hop-gardens, Southdown sheep, delicate breeds of cattle. There can be no doubt that if we had four great regional shows with, let us say, Bath, Chester, York, and Peterborough, for their centres, we should develop four marked types of ideal English agriculture. The gain would be great, and local patriotism should suffice to make each type a success on its own ground.

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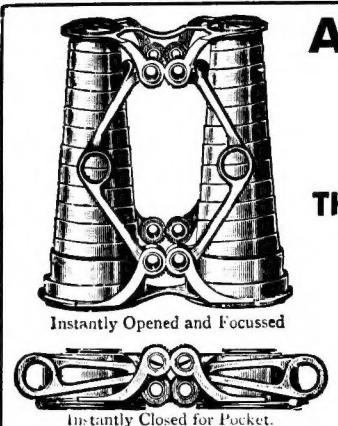
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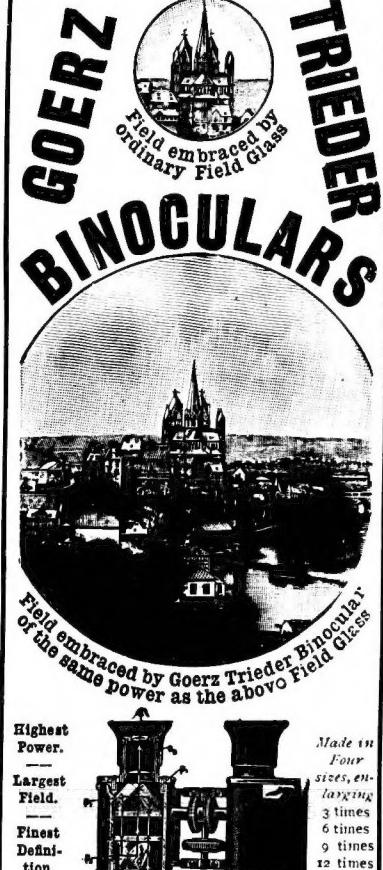
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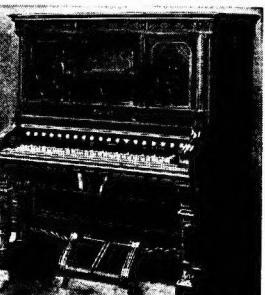
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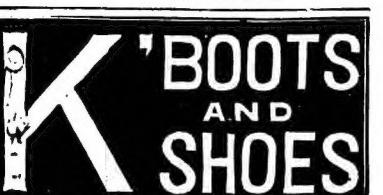


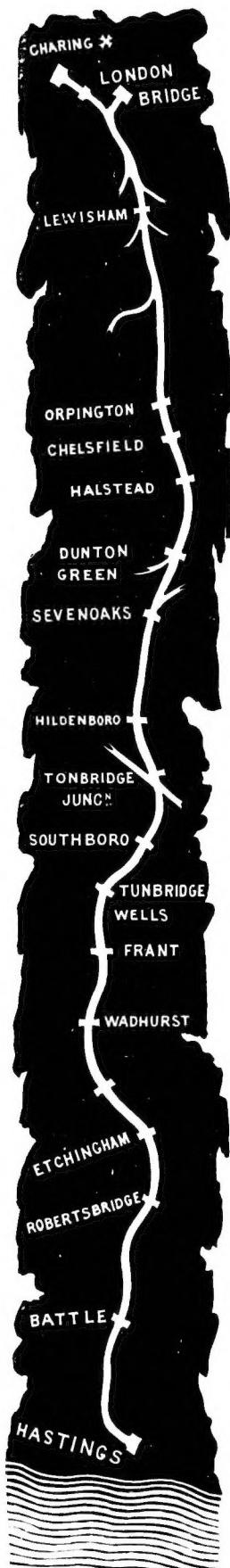
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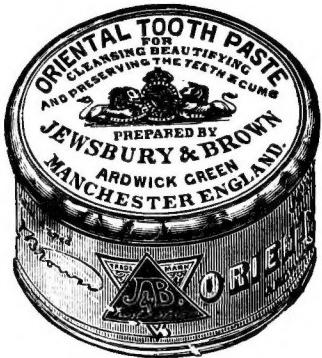
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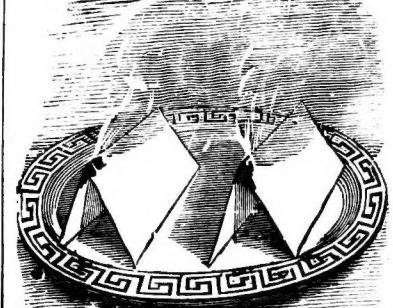
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